

THIRTY-FIVE CENTS

DECEMBER 25, 1964

TIME

CHRISTIAN RENEWAL



VOL. 84 NO. 26

(FEBRUARY 1965)

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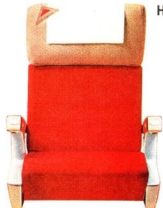
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TIME LISTINGS

TELEVISION

Wednesday, December 23

SCOPE (ABC, 10:30-11 p.m.). "This Way to Santa," a documentary on a Santa Claus who spends most of the year lonely and drifting but gets into his red suit each Christmas for the children.

Thursday, December 24

CHRISTMAS EVE SERVICES (ABC, 11:15 p.m.-midnight). Episcopal services from the Cathedral of St. John the Divine in Manhattan; (NBC, midnight-1:45 a.m.), Mass from St. Patrick's Cathedral in Manhattan; (CBS, midnight-1 a.m.), from St. Luke's Lutheran Church in Manhattan; (ABC, midnight-1 a.m.), Mass from the National Shrine of the Immaculate Conception in Washington, D.C.

Friday, December 25

TODAY SHOW (NBC, 7-9 a.m.). Burr Tillstrom and Kukla, Fran and Ollie, in a special Christmas Day program.

THE ENTERTAINERS (CBS, 8:30-9:30 p.m.). Carol Burnett, Caterina Valente, Art Buchwald and Bob Newhart star in a special Christmas show.

Saturday, December 26

AMERICAN FOOTBALL LEAGUE CHAMPIONSHIP GAME (ABC, 2 p.m. to conclusion). The final contest for the 1964 A.F.L. crown.

Sunday, December 27

NOYE'S FLUDDE (CBS, 10-11 a.m.). A 13th century miracle play, originally performed in the English cathedral city of Chester, reinterpreted by Benjamin Britten.

YEAR END REVIEW (NBC, 4-5 p.m.). An NBC News special reviewing the events of 1964.

YEAR IN-YEAR OUT (ABC, 10:15-11 p.m.). An ABC News special on the events of 1964.

Monday, December 28

CAROL FOR ANOTHER CHRISTMAS (ABC, 9:30-11 p.m.). The first of a series of specials on the U.N., this dramatic show is based loosely on Dickens' *Christmas Carol*, has a script by Rod Serling, a musical score by Henry Mancini, and is directed by Joseph L. Mankiewicz.

Tuesday, December 29

THE MAN FROM U.N.C.L.E. (NBC, 8:30-9:30 p.m.). Madlyn Rhue guest-stars as a horn lovely who asks Agent Napoleon Solo for help.

PROJECTION '65 (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). NBC News's annual forecast of world events.

THEATER

On Broadway

POOR RICHARD. Jean Kerr is still wearing the life-of-the-party grin from *Mary, Mary*, but behind the witticisms something sobering denies that life is that kind of party at all. With Alan Bates playing a lyric poet turned wench charmer and lush, the comedy is less funny than *Mary, Mary* but more probably perceptive.

THE OWL AND THE PUSSYCAT. Bill Manhoff fills every round with comic impact

© All times E.S.T.

in this verbal slugfest, pitting a fiery, sexy shrew, Diana Sands, against a self-righteous bookstore clerk, Alan Alda.

TUV refuses to keep a straight face before some of the pious obsessions of the contemporary world and stage. Eli Wallach, Alan Arkin and Anne Jackson do honor to Murray Schisgal's comedy and Mike Nichols' direction as they rant and romp on a bridge.

OH WHAT A LOVELY WAR. Every living wordmonger of sacred theatrical clichés would swear that no one could make musical entertainment out of the spilled blood, blind gallantry, and stupefying idiosyncrasy of World War I. Joan Littlewood and her amazingly adroit London Theater Workshop company have done it. The result is hilarious, ironic, heart-warming and heartbreaking.

Off Broadway

MAN AND SUPERMAN. Performed with deceptive ease, superb acting finesse, and unfaltering intelligence, this APA-at-the-Phoenix revival of one of Shaw's masterworks is the sort of tribute that only finely polished talent can pay to acknowledged genius.

THE ROOM AND A SLIGHT ACHE inject Harold Pinter's special menace-and-dread serum directly into a playgoer's veins.

THE SECRET LIFE OF WALTER MITTY. Juicy characters never conceived by James Thurber have entered Mitty's fantasy world in this breezy and entertaining musical farce.

CAMBRIDGE CIRCUS. The free-flowing antics of a troupe of clever Cantabrigians demonstrate that successful humor need not be sick or bitter, just terribly funny.

RECORDS

Best Listening: 1964

OPERA: Baritone rarely get the girl, but this year they take the cake. Geraint Evans turns in one of opera's great characterizations as the lecherous old swindler in RCA Victor's *Falstaff*, amply supported by the other singers and by Conductor Georg Solti. In *Rigoletto* (Deutsche Grammophon), Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, best known for his sorrowful lieder, proves himself equally expressive as the tragic hunchback in a powerful performance led by Rafael Kubelik.

CHORAL: Carlo Maria Giulini masterfully melds the Philharmonia Orchestra, chorus and four soloists in an incandescent Verdi *Requiem* (Angel). Intricate but eloquent, the *Symphony of Psalms* is performed by the CBC Symphony and the Festival Singers of Toronto, spurred on by Igor Stravinsky (Columbia).

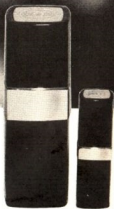
INSTRUMENTAL: Pieces often played by students reveal unsuspected subtleties as Glenn Gould makes eloquent the several voices in Bach's *Two- and Three-Part Inventions* (Columbia) and Arthur Schnitzler turns Chopin's *Waltzes* into lilting, sparkling poems (RCA Victor). Sviatoslav Richter makes Scherzino's "Wanderer" *Fantasia* sing (Angel), and John Browning premieres what may become one of tomorrow's classics, though not too different from yesterday's: Samuel Barber's 1962 *Piano Concerto* (Columbia).

ORCHESTRAL: A triumphant beginning to the Boston Symphony Prokofiev series is the big, wartime *Fifth Symphony*, con-



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ducted by Erich Leinsdorf. Leonard Bernstein fired up the New York Philharmonic for Liszt's *Faust Symphony* and cooled them down for a lapidary performance of Haydn's *Symphonies 42 and 83* (Columbia). Haydn (in *Symphonies 95 and 101*) also got the benefit of Fritz Reiner's accumulated wisdom and inborn precision in his last recording, made two months before his death (RCA Victor).

FOK MUSIC. Only two months old, the songs from *Another Side of Bob Dylan* (Columbia) are already being hummed and strummed, for no one in the folk world hits so many responsive chords.

JAZZ. *Big Band and Quartet in Concert* (Columbia) shows off nine virtuosos, playing Monk, with Monk, at Philharmonic Hall. *Dizzy Gillespie and the Double Six of Paris* (Philips) combine acrobatic trumpeting and exhilarating scat singing, while on the dreamier side, there's *Getz/Gilberto* (Verve), the record that introduced the girl from Impanema. *Coltrane's Sound* (Atlantic) sounds great.

MUSICALS. Barbra Streisand, Carol Channing and Zero Mostel are the winners from the Broadway precinct in their cast recordings of *Funny Girl* (Capitol), *Hello, Dolly!* and *Fiddler on the Roof* (both RCA Victor).

CINEMA

THE UMBRELLAS OF CHERBOURG. Every word of dialogue is sung in this sparkling French musical by Director Jacques Demy, who tells a rather foolish fable of young love with taste, spirit and style.

GOLDFINGER. Another slam-bang spoof of Ian Fleming's fiction has James Bond (Sean Connery) testing his mettle with a gilded nude, a shapely henchwoman named Pussy Galore, and a master criminal who plans to pry the gold out of Fort Knox.

THE PUMPKIN EATER. Three husbands, a swarm of progeny and a nervous collapse leave a well-kept wife with an unkempt psyche in this marriage-go-round.

SEND ME NO FLOWERS. Rock Hudson is an exurban hypochondriac who persuades himself that the hereafter is at hand. Doris Day is his widow-to-be, and Tony Randall is the sprightly crapehanger next door.

SÉANCE ON A WET AFTERNOON. An unhappy medium (Kim Stanley) and her timorous spouse (Richard Attenborough) tumble through a kidnapping plot, and Director Bryan Forbes turns it into one of those throat-drying English thrillers in which every second seems split.

MY FAIR LADY. Bountiful as ever, the musical classic by Lerner and Loewe out of G. B. Shaw retains Professor Rex Harrison as the Edwardian phonetics expert who transforms Audrey Hepburn from a cockney flower peddler into a proper Lady.

WOMAN IN THE DUNES. Trapped in a hovel at the bottom of a sand pit, a man and woman find that their hellhole offers the only real freedom in this luminous, violent allegory by Japanese Director Hiroshi Teshigahara.

BOOKS

Best Reading

FRIEDA LAWRENCE: THE MEMOIRS AND CORRESPONDENCE. Edited by E. W. Tedlock Jr. Essays, letters and fictionalized memories reveal that D. H. Lawrence's wife was herself a typical Lawrence heroine, and in being openly unfaithful to her husband, practiced in fact the sexual freedom

that he earnestly preached in fiction—and priggishly deplored in reality.

CHALLENGE OF MODERNISATION. by I. R. Sinai. An Israeli scholar argues that democratic ideals and Western aid will be largely wasted on underdeveloped countries until ruthless, single-minded leaders overcome their nations' psychological inertia and modernize their social structure toward the future economic "takeoff" point when they can begin to make realistic use of the West's largesse and technology.

A TREASURY OF AMERICAN POLITICAL HUMOR. edited by Leonard C. Lewin. A happy sampling of parody, lampoon and satire that stretches in broad grins from Concord Bridge to the Kennedy Frontier and spares no political ideology, be it right, left or middle.

THE FOUNDING FATHER, by Richard Whalen. The facts of Joe Kennedy's career—the fortunes he made in oil and real estate and his swift conversion of money into power for himself and his sons—need no embellishment; his life is a blueprint for the wheeler-dealer and the kingmaker.

HENRY ADAMS: THE MAJOR PHASE, by Ernest Samuels. Covering the last 30 years of Adams' life, this final volume of Samuels' massive biography tells of the people and thinking that influenced the historian in the writing of his greatest books, *Mont-Saint-Michel and Chartres* and the classic *Education of Henry Adams*.

THE HORSE KNOWS THE WAY, by John O'Hara. More short stories by one of the alltime masters of the art. With this, his fourth collection in as many years, O'Hara is threatening to cut off the supply to concentrate on long fiction.

SELECTED LETTERS OF ROBERT FROST, edited by Lawrence Thompson. This collection shows the poet's wit, shrewdness, ego—and also the courage that saw him through an unrelenting succession of painful family tragedies.

LIFE WITH PICASSO, by Françoise Gilot. Picasso's peremptive mistress tells in bitterly frank detail of her nine turbulent years with the century's most extraordinary painter-genius and illuminates, by her own very considerable artistic knowledge, his views on the art and artists around him.

Best Sellers

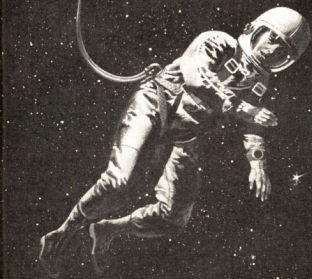
FICTION

1. Herzog, Bellow (1 last week)
2. The Rector of Justin, Auchincloss (2)
3. The Man, Wallace (3)
4. Candy, Southern and Hoffenberg (4)
5. Julian, Vidler (8)
6. You Only Live Twice, Fleming (7)
7. The Spy Who Came In from the Cold, Le Carré (6)
8. This Rough Magic, Stewart (5)
9. Armageddon, Uris
10. The Brigadier and the Golf Widow, Cheever (9)

NONFICTION

1. Markings, Hammarskjöld (1)
2. Reminiscences, MacArthur (2)
3. The Kennedy Wit, Adler (5)
4. The Italians, Barzini (6)
5. The Kennedy Years, The New York Times and Viking Press (3)
6. My Autobiography, Chaplin (4)
7. Life with Picasso, Gilot (8)
8. The Words, Sarraf (10)
9. Russia at War, Werth
10. The Warren Commission Report (7)

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A new biotechnology for Man-in-Space and Man-in-Sea

What do Man-in-Space and Man-in-Sea have in common? One will float weightless in a vacuum a thousand miles out in space, shielding his eyes from a savage sun. The other will grope his way through the darkness of the deep, weighted down by the crushing pressure of a thousand feet of sea.

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engineers—regards Man-in-Space and Man-in-Sea as two aspects of the same basic problem.

Launching an intensive interdisciplinary study, they evaluated man's abilities and limitations. They measured his reactions to weightlessness and pressure, extremes of heat and cold, various gases in the air he breathes (in a closed cycle, minute traces of ordinarily harmless gases may be toxic, causing weird reactions).

They examined the psychological effects of isolation, prolonged confinement with a group in cramped quarters, lack of the normal day-and-night cycle. They determined man's requirements for tools, communications, life-support systems, waste handling, logistics, self-sustaining bases for ocean floor and planet.

And from their concerted attack are emerging systems to protect man in these new environments and more effectively utilize his capabilities. This new biotechnology will enable man to perform his missions in strange worlds.

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by **R. RUSSELL PIPPIN,**
*Vice President and Director of
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"To find net cost, all you do is subtract cash value and dividends from premiums paid to date. In contrast, if cash value and dividends exceed premiums paid, you have enjoyed a net gain.

"What I'm suggesting is that you evaluate a life insurance policy by comparing what you put in with what you can get out at any given time. Have your agent supply the guaranteed cash value figures and let him illustrate what high dividends can mean.

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LETTERS

Man of the Year

Sir: If TIME's Man of the Year is the man who most dominated the news, then Republicans and Democrats, liberals and conservatives, will have to agree that that man is Barry Goldwater.

ARTHUR STAWINSKI

Stanford, Calif.

Sir: Gutsy, brainy Secretary of Defense McNamara. May his kind live forever!

DANIEL L. AUBRY

New York City

Sir: L.B.J., who outtalked, outshook, outran and out-White-Housed them all.

CRAIG A. STARKEY

San Diego

Sir: Damn, damn, damn, damn! You've grown accustomed to his y'all's, his doags, his coarn! L.B.J. will be your Man of the Year, but rightly, it should be J.F.K., our brilliant young President to whom we owe so much. It was his presidency that set our lives on fire with love and pride for America. In years to come, American greatness will prevail because John Kennedy so deeply inspired all of us.

BROTHER DOMINIC

Passionist Monastery
Chicago

Sir: Robert F. Kennedy. He showed his courage at a time when ordinary men would have faltered.

PAUL H. ZAREFSKY

Bellaire, Texas

Sir: California's George Murphy, the only man ever to beat the Kennedy image.

HUGH SCARAMELLA

Fresno, Calif.

Sir: The Beatles (Yeah! Yeah!)

KATHY MANCUSO

Schenectady, N.Y.

Sir: Pablo Casals, whose artfulness in intertwining freedom, music and even politics is beyond contemporary comparison.

BARTLETT COURTEEN

Pompano Beach, Fla.

Sir: Moise Tshombe, El Cid of the 20th century.

(MRS.) MARGARET SULLIVAN

Chicago

Sir: Major Michael Hoare and his mercenaries in the Congo.

GERALD D. MURPHY

Haddonfield, N.J.

Sir: Joseph Cardinal Ritter, Archbishop of St. Louis, the most forward-looking church leader in America.

WILLIAM J. CONWAY

Dallas

Sir: Pope Paul VI, for pioneering papal travel, trying to "reconcile Christian revelation with contemporary culture."

RAJA GAVANKAR

Chicago

The Way-Out Middle

Sir: Your very interesting article on Buddhism with the picture on the cover of the Dai Butsu of Kamakura [Dec. 11] reminds me of an unforgettable notice inside the stomach of the Buddha (which one can climb into, like the Statue of Liberty). It read: "American soldier beware. You are entering the womb of the cosmic forces of Universe." This was in September 1945, and doubtless was a reaction to Hiroshima and Nagasaki.

CLARENCE W. BARTOW

Tuxedo Park, N.Y.

Sir: Your statement about "Buddhism's strident inner contradictions" is as naive as saying, "Once a man is an American, he must immediately recognize racial equality because the Constitution of the U.S. recognizes racial equality." Like Americans, Buddhists are human beings. Some of them practice the teachings of the religion; others do not. Buddhism forbids killing, stealing, adultery, lying, use of alcoholic liquor. But among those who don't practice the teachings, there are killers, thieves, adulterers, liars, drunkards. It is simply a case of man against religion—just as racial trouble in the U.S. is a case of man against an ideal. As for your statement that many Buddhists secretly believe they "can tame Communism," I have known several instances where Buddhists turned down some Communists who posed as friends of Buddhism by pointing out this or that common denominator in the two "isms" and by saying that Buddhism and Communism are the same. Buddhists call the trick the "Communist killing-by-clinching method." History shows that Buddhism has never been a prey to other isms. When Buddhism dies, it will die a natural death, as Gautama Buddha said, after it has completed 5,000 years.

TIN SWE

Rangoon, Burma

Sir: Although I am not a Buddhist, I interpreted your article on the subject as an unregenerate evaluation of the antinomies of a great religion. The adroitness of this

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article does not, in my opinion, redeem it from constituting an affront to the exponents of this faith. Antinomianism is not peculiar to Buddhism, but is rather an inherent pitfall in any religion. The deeper the spiritual insight one attains, the more dramatic the manifestations of this particular pitfall might become.

THOMAS C. MCGOWAN
Centerville, Mass.

Sir: Perhaps Madame Nhu, the "Dragon Lady," was right after all. She said the Buddhists in South Viet Nam were trying to embarrass the government and cause dissension with their continual harangues and displays of public immolation by fire. Their actions have only served to point up some of the reasons Christian missionaries have tried for years to truly enlighten these unfortunate people. Unlike Madame Nhu, I do not propose fighting fire with fire, but I have to agree with her that as a group they are certainly exasperating.

(MRS.) ARLENE HALL

Joliet, Ill.

Death Down South

Sir: I suggest that Sheriff Lawrence Rainey and Deputy Cecil Price [Dec. 18] volunteer for the Peace Corps and serve in the Congo.

M. L. MASON

Littleton, Colo.

Sir: Just the thought of Mississippi scares the daylight out of me. But having a somewhat adventuresome spirit, I'm going to Mississippi this summer, merely to understand how it feels to be in a land where methods of controlling thought and action are probably as strong as those employed by Eastern European Communist states. For protection I'll get false membership cards in the Ku Klux Klan and White Citizens Council. I don't have the guts of Schwerner, Chaney or Goodman.

JOHN L. BAILEY

Pittsburgh

Sir: The "White Knights" of the K.K.K. could well be renamed The Simbas of the South.

MANETTE BUSTANOPY

Syracuse

Sir: I favor dropping an atom bomb on the state of Mississippi. I am ashamed that such a savage state exists in the country.

C. M. MOORHEAD

Bucyrus, Ohio

Sir: While there's Mississippi, how can there be the Great Society?

LEONARD SOLOMON

Indianapolis

Sir: Your reference to Mr. Edgar Killen as a Free Will Baptist preacher is in error and casts a serious reflection on our denomination. Mr. Killen is not, and has never been a Free Will Baptist preacher.

BILLY A. MELVIN

National Association of Free Will Baptists
Nashville, Tenn.

► TIME erred.

Free Speech at Berkeley

Sir: As a Republican and a student, I am very aware of our fine American traditions, including our freedoms of speech and of political action. Every American must always be willing to guard these precious liberties. The students and faculty of Berkeley [Dec. 18] are doing just this and deserve the admiration and support of

every American who believes in democracy and the freedoms it guarantees. If it is the "Trotsky groups" and "members of the Communist front" who protect and defend these aspects of our heritage, I would clearly have to desert the Republican Party and register as a Communist!

RICHARD INLANDER

Berkeley, Calif.

Sir: The "civil rights militants, Trotskyites, and members of a Communist front" do not represent a majority of the students as far as their pro-Communist beliefs are concerned. We realize there are Communist-front groups at Berkeley, but the members of these groups are often the same civil rights workers in Mississippi whom TIME heralds as brave and devoted humanitarians. Why the distinction? The tactics of the students were not those of Castro but rather those of Gandhi.

PETE MOTOLA

University of California
Berkeley, Calif.

Fallingwater

Sir: May I speak in regard to two men who are not around to speak for themselves? There was no occasion to "talk" my father into building Frank Lloyd Wright's Fallingwater [Dec. 11], now in the care of the Western Pennsylvania Conservancy. My role was to make Wright and my father acquainted, some two years before Fallingwater was designed. From there on, Wright's architecture needed no sales talk, and my father's quality as a client has been appreciatively described by Wright in print. Thank you for your good words about the Aalto room.

EDGAR KAUFMANN JR.

New York City

Pitching Camp

Sir: Re Susan Sontag and the derivation of the word Camp [Dec. 17], how the reference to the Aussie term "low saloon" was dug up is beyond me. Camp may be purely New York slang, argot. I first ran across it in the early '30s. At that time, groups of homosexuals lived together in apartments they rented en masse. The apartments were called "camps," and by extension the residents thereof were also called camps—I don't know why not campers, but they weren't. "He's a camp," was not an uncommon phrase.

JACK OSWALD

Miami, Fla.

Sir:

A Tiffany lamp is very "low" camp. Old postcards are Early Heterosexual, Scopitones the rage, for those college age, And Miss Sontag's the square's intellectual.

MAGGAE RAE

New York City

Sir: By publishing your recent analysis of "Camp," you have ensured that Camp will no longer be Camp, if you see what I mean. We philistines will now recognize the unique virtues of vulgarity, while the avant-garde will be driven to rely once more upon their taste, if any. Western civilization has again been snatched from the brink.

DAVID W. SIFTON

Patrick A.F.B., Fla.

Sir: Whether the derivation of "Camp" comes from the low "Aussie" saloons, or from the police rating "K.M.P." (Known Male Prostitute), or from the World War II concentration camps, where homosexuality was supposedly rife, "Camp" is here to stay. True—the vulgar and outrageous

is Camp. What could be more ostentatious than Victorian "Tatt" and Barbra Streisand and superlatives like "divine," and "delicious." But I must add that the term Camp (Down Under, anyway) is not derogatory in implication.

JOSEPHENE OSBORNE-BROWN
Wellington, N.Z.

Ancient Trade

Sir: The photograph in your Cinema section [Dec. 11] of a slave trader coolly examining the teeth of a naked woman closely parallels the 19th century French painting *Slave Market*, by Jean Léon Gérôme, in the Clark Art Institute, Williamstown, Mass. [see cut].

ALLEN M. BURNHAM
Manhasset, N.Y.



Consultant Competition?

Sir: The "Executive Peace Corps" [Dec. 4] seems an ironic commentary on the modern concept of free enterprise. There are a number of experienced consultants in the "developing" countries providing the continuity of contact essential to effective consulting who will now be faced with cut-rate competition sponsored by the U.S. taxpayer.

SPRUILL BRADEN JR.

Bogotá, Colombia

Home, Sweet—Home

Sir: I got quite a chuckle out of your use of German in your treatise on sculpture [Dec. 11]. Did you mean *Lebensraum* (room or space to live in), or *Liebesraum* (room to love in)? The implication of the combination was delightful. Miller's *Mary: Walking Sequence*—beautiful!

ERIKA B. PAULSON

Muskegon, Mich.

► It depends on the sculpture. Miller's Mary obviously needs both.

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*Season's Greetings and our very
best wishes for the New Year.*

Bernard M. Over
PUBLISHER

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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

December 25, 1964 Vol. 84, No. 26

THE NATION

THE PRESIDENCY

Deep Background

On two nights last week, President Johnson played host to small groups of newsmen, gave them "deep background" briefings* into his plans and aspirations for his first full term in office.

Limited Mandate. Despite his overwhelming election victory, Johnson has no grandiose ideas about the extent of

his national changes overnight. And one of F.D.R.'s few faults, Johnson believes, was his habit of playing various elements of U.S. society against each other. Johnson seeks accommodation, not conflict.

To Johnson, this concept in no way represents a forfeiture of leadership. It means merely that he is willing to accept slow but steady progress toward the "great society" he envisions, rather

by step toward clearly attainable goals.

Thus, Johnson frets about the fact that the U.S. population, now 192,807,000, is expected to swell to 350 million in 25 years; he constantly asks himself what, specifically, can be done to keep up with such an increase. He intends to enlist the nation's best brains in a search for ideas on how to create new jobs, how to give employable skills to the many youths who do not go to college.



THE PRESIDENT WITH BUSINESS LEADERS AT THE WHITE HOUSE*

Facing the next four years without illusions.

his mandate. He considers it a limited one, directing him to steer a middle-road course. He sees his role as that of a catalyst through which a national consensus may develop. Toward that end he will continue to urge such diverse elements in the nation as business and labor, liberals and conservatives, to "reason together"—a technique that has largely accounted for his longtime political success.

Johnson has no illusions about his ability to reshape and reform U.S. life in four years. Although he was an admirer and a protégé of Franklin Roosevelt, he still disparages the zealous young New Dealers who sought sweep-

than risk a setback or stalemate by trying to knock heads together. Johnson's great society does not consist of some grand philosophic design. Johnson distrusts philosophy. He is a pragmatist, and his interest lies in moving step

how to cut the commuters' travel time in the nation's congested urban areas. He is convinced that this year's tax cut has spurred the economy, yet he hews to no dogmatic economic theory. At the moment, he is determined to hold down Government spending. Yet, if the economy lags, he has no compunction against greater spending, or a bigger tax reduction, or both. He will do what he feels must be done.

Patience & Prudence. Johnson takes the same flexible approach to foreign affairs. He believes that new leadership in the Soviet Union, West Germany, Britain, India and Italy indicates a world in flux, full of new problems—but also new opportunities for accommodation. Aware that events may not always be to the U.S.'s liking in such a world, he counsels patience and prudence. The tide, he feels, is running in favor of the

* Seated: Outgoing Commerce Secretary Luther Hodges, Alcoa's Frank Mearns, Henry Ford II, Johnson, Litton Industries' Charles Thornton, and American Can's William Stoltz. Standing: Gardner Ackley, Chairman of the President's Council of Economic Advisors; General Motors' Frederic Donner, John T. Connor, Chase Manhattan Bank's David Rockefeller, U.S. Steel's Roger Blough, Vice President-elect Hubert Humphrey, Connecticut General's Frazier Wilde, Campbell Soup's William Murphy, American Electric Power's Donald Cook, Defense Secretary Robert McNamara, IBM's Thomas Watson Jr., Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Smith's Michael McCarthy, A.T. & T.'s Frederick Kappel and CBS's Frank Stanton.

* Direct quotes were banned. So, for that matter, was the fact that the President had held the sessions. But the Associated Press, which was not represented, broke the news.

West in its competition with Communism. He has faith that world leaders, too, can learn to reason together.

Thus, abroad, Johnson believes that a multilateral nuclear force may emerge among Western allies as a practical means to prevent nuclear proliferation; but he will not try to coerce allies into accepting it. He hopes that the U.S. and French President Charles de Gaulle may find wider areas of agreement, but he is resigned to the possibility that this may not happen. He feels that the U.S. is pursuing the best course in South Viet Nam, wants the U.S. neither to expand that war nor to withdraw. Only last week Johnson prudently agreed to renegotiate the Panama Canal treaty as Panama has been demanding—and just as prudently announced the intention of the U.S. to build a second canal (see THE HEMISPHERE).

Lyndon Johnson knows that he may be criticized for being too cautious. But he is convinced that his approach ensures progress—and that is his principal interest.

Gracious Host

President Johnson last week invited a few folks to drop by the White House. About 8,000 of them did.

First came eight new ambassadors to the U.S., presenting their credentials. Next it was 155 children, most of them Negroes, from Washington settlement houses. Lyndon joined them for a puppet show in the East Room, was greeted by one boy with an airy "Hi, Johnson"; later, he escorted them to the Blue Room to see an 18-ft. balsam fir Christmas tree, thence to the State Dining Room for ice cream and eggnog.

A.F.L.-C.I.O. President George Meany and seven other labor leaders were put in proper holiday spirits by the President's renewal of a campaign pledge to work for repeal of the Taft-Hartley law's section authorizing state right-to-work laws. Then, after sandwiching in a buffet supper for some 1,500 White House staffers, the President greeted 14 business leaders. As he always does, Johnson impressed the businessmen, and A.T. & T.'s Frederick R. Kappel spoke for them all when he reported that the President "is being extremely wise in his thoughtful evaluation" of the U.S. economy.

Toward week's end Lady Bird Johnson and Muriel Humphrey conducted a White House tour for 1,500 women who had worked as volunteers for the Johnson-Humphrey ticket, and the President was host at a party for reporters accredited to the White House and their families, numbering 4,000. And one chilly night he appeared hatless and coatless before several thousand people gathered on the Ellipse, south of the White House, pushed a button turning on 5,000 red and white lights on a 72-ft. Adirondack white spruce, a gift of New York State.

"At this Christmas season of 1964," the President said, "we can think of broader and brighter horizons than any

who have lived before these times. For there is rising in the sky of the age a new star—the star of peace.

"By his inventions, man has made war unthinkable, now and forevermore. Man must therefore apply the same initiative, the same inventiveness, the same determined effort to make peace on earth eternal and meaningful for all mankind.

"These are the most hopeful times in all the years since Christ was born in Bethlehem."

THE ADMINISTRATION

Prescription for Commerce

Nothing annoys President Johnson more than the notion that he cannot get good men to come to work—for him—in Washington. Last week, in his first Cabinet appointment, the President took special pains to disprove that theory: he named John T. Connor, 50, president of the multimillion-dollar drug firm, Merck & Co., as his new Secretary of Commerce to replace Luther Hodges.

Hodges, 66, a former (1954-1960) Democratic Governor of North Carolina who once showed his salesmanship by posing in his underwear to promote his state's textile industry, was in John Kennedy's original Cabinet, made his most notable mark as Commerce Secretary by launching an export expansion program that helped boost U.S. exports from an annual \$19.6 billion in 1960 to \$25 billion now. But when he was first appointed, Hodges told friends that he would quit after four years. Last week he did—and Drug Executive Connor seemed to fit perfectly the presidential prescription for a replacement.

Who Should? He Should. He is a free-wheeling, sharp-speaking man whom other businessmen like to describe as a "maverick," and he has had solid ca-

reers in both Washington bureaucracy and big business. A graduate of Syracuse University ('36) and Harvard Law School ('39), he went to work for a top New York law firm, moved off to Washington in 1942 as a Lend-Lease Administration lawyer, soon switched over to be chief counsel to Dr. Vannevar Bush's Office of Scientific Research and Development, which was then working on the atomic bomb. He spent a postwar year as special assistant to James Forrestal, then Secretary of the Navy, and in 1947 went to Merck as general attorney. In that capacity he was instrumental in getting his old boss, Bush, signed on as the firm's board chairman.

Connor has never been modest about his talents or about his ambitions. In 1955, when Bush was scouting for a new company president, he asked 30 top Merck executives whom they would like to see in the job. Most picked Connor, and when Connor himself was asked, he said: "I should be the new president." Connor was only 40—and he got the job.

He boosted Merck's research spending to new highs, at the same time in his nine years as president managed to almost triple company profits, from \$13 million to \$36 million. His salary at Merck is \$129,800 a year. He holds 21,000 shares of Merck stock (now \$45.50 a share), not counting options, and as of last week he had not decided whether he would keep it (and thereby risk conflict-of-interest criticism), put it in trust or sell it, assuming the Senate confirms his appointment next month.

"Liberal Businessman." Connor has long been one of the blue-ribbon U.S. businessmen that Washington officials tap for aid and advice. After the Bay of Pigs fiasco in 1961, he helped collect millions of dollars worth of drugs that went to Fidel Castro as part of the ransom for Cuban prisoners. He is vice chairman of the Business Council and a member of the Committee for Economic Development.

Politically, he is Lyndon's kind of man. Connor used to describe himself as a New Dealer, now says, "I am an independent Democrat—or a liberal businessman." But when it comes to a conflict between doctrinaire liberalism and business interests, Connor is a businessman first. In 1959, when Tennessee's liberal Democratic Senator Estes Kefauver was chairing an investigation into drug-industry pricing practices, Connor testified with patient, detailed expertise but found he simply could not penetrate the Keef's preconceptions. Connor admitted that the probe, in a general way, was not without merit, but he blasted Kefauver: "He asks loaded questions; he disregards facts that undermine his line of argument; he watches the morning and afternoon press deadlines and introduces a juicy tidbit at a time that defies immediate correction or refutation."

In the past, Connor has argued against the Johnson Administration's effort in



SECRETARY-DESIGNATE CONNOR

The boss's kind of man.

current Geneva negotiations to reduce tariff barriers across the board by 50%. Last week, after his appointment to the Cabinet was announced, he was still reluctant to back down. Said he: "I consider myself at the midpoint between a strict protectionist and an all-out free trader. I am against arbitrary 50% tariff cuts across the board for U.S. manufactured goods. Each reduction should also be made on a reciprocal basis with foreign competitors."

As Commerce Secretary, Connor will head up an awkwardly diversified department that has 33,538 employees, operates on a \$4.5 billion budget, and includes the Bureau of the Census, Patent Office, Bureau of Public Roads, Weather Bureau and Area Redevelopment Administration. But the true mission of the Secretary of Commerce cannot be written into an organization chart. In its simplest terms, it is to promote confidence in the Administration among businessmen. That is something at which President Johnson himself works almost full time, and he is awfully good at it. In John Connor, the President should have an able helper.

THE SUPREME COURT

Beyond a Doubt

The U.S. Supreme Court proved last week that, when faced with a matter of truly national urgency, it can make up its mind in a hurry. Little more than five months after enactment of the most far-reaching civil rights act in U.S. history, the court unanimously declared that a key section of that act was constitutional. It thus removed the last doubt about the right of Negroes to equal access to public accommodations anywhere in the nation.

In a legal sense, the court's decision merely reaffirmed a rule of 140 years' standing, holding that the Constitution's commerce clause gives Congress sweeping powers to regulate any activity that even remotely affects commerce among the states. But its potential impact upon U.S. race relations was nonetheless momentous. A Negro can now travel anywhere, stop at any hotel or café and be certain that the law, at least, insists that he be served.

"No Limitations." In an opinion written by one of its two Southerners, Texas' Tom C. Clark, the court dismissed arguments by Georgia's Heart of Atlanta Motel and Ollie's Barbecue in Birmingham, Ala., that they could not be compelled to accommodate Negroes under the guise of regulating commerce.

Clark noted that ever since 1824 the courts have consistently upheld a rule by Chief Justice John Marshall in a famous case (Gibbons v. Ogden, involving steamboat traffic between New York and New Jersey) that the commerce clause gives Congress a power "complete in itself" that may "be exercised to its utmost extent, and acknowledges no limitations, other than are prescribed in the Constitution." The only real test of that power, wrote

Clark, is "whether the activity sought to be regulated is commerce which concerns more than one state and has a real and substantial relation to the national interest."

Clark cited testimony before congressional committees which showed that racial discrimination is a nationwide problem, that Negroes are so uncertain of finding accommodations when traveling that it impairs their "pleasure and convenience" and has "the effect of discouraging travel on the part of a substantial portion" of the nation's 20 million Negroes. Observed Clark acidly: "One can hardly travel without eating."

The fact that the main intent of Congress in passing the act was to deal with "what it considered a moral wrong," does not affect its validity under the commerce clause, Clark ruled. In past cases, such as those involving laws against white slavery and gambling, the court has upheld commerce-clause regulations that had more of a moral than an economic intent. Nor is the size of a specific activity relevant. Thus in 1942 the court upheld the Agricultural Adjustment Act of 1938 as applied to a farmer who sowed only 23 acres of wheat to feed his own cattle. The combined output of many small farmers, said the court, affects the total flow of interstate commerce.

Slavery & Servitude. The Supreme Court also rejected arguments that forcing a motel or restaurant owner to serve Negroes amounts to "involuntary servitude" (which, ironically, is prohibited under the anti-slavery 13th Amend-

ment) for the proprietor. Clark cited the ancient common-law rule that innkeepers must serve any well-behaved person, also noted that longstanding public accommodations laws in 32 states have never been successfully challenged.

The court dealt harshly with the claim that a proprietor who cannot choose his customers as he wishes is deprived of property without the due process of law guaranteed by the Fifth Amendment. In a concurring opinion, Justice William O. Douglas cited with approval the following argument: "The institution of private property exists for the purpose of enhancing the individual freedom and liberty of human beings," and is often restricted for just that reason. "The most striking example of this is the abolition of slavery. Slaves were treated as items of private property; yet surely no man dedicated to the cause of individual freedom could contend that individual freedom and liberty suffered by emancipation of the slaves. There is not any question that ordinary zoning laws place far greater restrictions upon the rights of private property owners than would public accommodations legislation."

This whole line of reasoning was easily applied by the court in the case of the Heart of Atlanta Motel, which fronts on an interstate highway, welcomes white transients, advertises in national magazines, and gets 75% of its guests from outside Georgia. Ollie's Barbecue was a tougher problem, since it is eleven blocks from the nearest in-



OLLIE MCCLUNG SR. (LEFT) IN HIS BIRMINGHAM BARBECUE
After the shock, five new customers.

terstate highway, does not advertise, seeks no transients. Although it is in a Negro neighborhood and employs 24 Negroes, it serves Negroes only from a take-out counter. Yet Ollie's beef—some \$70,000 worth last year—was purchased from a Birmingham wholesaler who imported it from Hormel meat-packing plants outside of Alabama. Racial discrimination, ruled the court, affects the volume of Ollie's business, and therefore the amount of meat it buys.

"We Must Bow." Upon hearing of the decision, Moreton Rolleston, president of the Heart of Atlanta Motel, complained: "This makes possible a socialistic state." Ollie McClung Sr., co-owner of Ollie's Barbecue, declared: "I'm shocked."

Yet, despite their distress, Ollie, 48, and his son Ollie Jr., 24, announced that "as law-abiding Americans, we feel we must bow to this edict." Two hours later, five Negroes walked into Ollie's—which grosses some \$450,000 annually—and were served. As for the motel, it had begun accepting Negroes under an earlier federal court order, but only five couples had applied so far—probably because its rates are the highest in Atlanta. And even Rolleston took a philosophical view of the eventual outcome of such race controversies. "With my grandchildren, there won't be any problems at all," he said. "They won't even know there were any."

Obliterating the Effect

After deciding that the public-accommodations section was constitutional, the Supreme Court turned to a less significant but more nettlesome legal problem: Could the thousands of sit-in demonstrators who had invaded the South's segregated lunch counters and been convicted under valid state antirestaurant laws still be punished for acts that are now undeniably legal? The question split the court's earlier unanimity.

A five-man majority of the Justices declared that the sit-in convictions "and the command of the Civil Rights Act of 1964 are clearly in direct conflict." Referring to a 1934 ruling by Chief Justice Charles Evans Hughes, the majority found precedent to assume that Congress intends "to avoid inflicting punishment at a time when it can no longer further any legislative purpose and would be unnecessarily vindictive." The fact that the sit-in convictions were under state rather than federal law, ruled last week's majority, is "a distinction without a difference." Explained the opinion, also written by Justice Tom Clark: "Since the provisions of the Act would abate all federal prosecutions it follows that the same rule must prevail under the Supremacy Clause which requires that a contrary state practice or state statute must give way."

"No Precedent." Declaring that "the great purpose of the civil rights legislation was to obliterate the effect of a

distressing chapter of our history," the opinion concluded that the specific convictions under consideration (cases from Arkansas and South Carolina) "must be vacated and the prosecutions dismissed." The ruling meant that some 3,000 other cases now pending or under appeal in which sit-in demonstrators had acted "peacefully" eventually would be dropped.

In biting dissent, Justice John M. Harlan called the majority's reasoning "revolutionary" in its voiding of state convictions. Justice Hugo Black was even more scathing. "It certainly relieves us of work to abate these so-called sit-in cases," he commented in court. But, he contended in his written dissent: "I do not find one paragraph, one sentence, one clause, or one word in the 1964 Act on which the most strained efforts of the most fertile imagination could support such a conclusion. The idea that Congress has power to accomplish such a result has no precedent, so far as I know, in the nearly 200 years that Congress has been in existence."

"Incomprehensible." In Black's view, such demonstrators still have no right "to take the law into their own hands by sitting down and occupying the premises for as long as they choose to stay," particularly since the very aim of the new law is to "take such disputes out of the streets and restaurants and into the courts."

The decision does not automatically end local prosecution of sit-in cases; civil rights lawyers may have to seek dismissal in specific cases. Yet it does mean that a great variety of civil rights advocates—ranging from Mrs. Malcolm Peabody, 73-year-old mother of Massachusetts' lame-duck Governor, to Mardon Walker, a 19-year-old daughter of a white Navy captain, no longer need fear confinement. Said a relieved Miss Walker in New London, Conn., where she is a student at Connecticut College: "I somehow felt that I would

never have to serve 18 months in jail for trying to be served in a restaurant. It just seemed incomprehensible."

The decision also frees some \$2,000,000 in bond money posted by individuals and civil rights groups, dating back to the winter of 1960 when a band of determined Negro students first sat down at a variety-store lunch counter in Greensboro, N.C., and refused to move. That money is not likely to remain idle for long. Civil rights leaders plan to use it to push voting-registration drives and—despite general compliance with the new civil rights laws in metropolitan areas—to push into rural Southern hamlets where the law has never even been tested and WHITE ONLY signs still proclaim defiance.

THE CONGRESS

Challenge to Charlie

Nearly six years ago, Indiana's Republican Congressman Charles Halleck overthrew aging Joe Martin as his party's House floor leader. In so doing, Halleck got vital help from a small but powerful group of young insurgents, including Michigan's Gerald Ford, who wanted a more aggressive, positive leader. In Halleck, they got all the aggressiveness they could stomach, and very little positivism. Last week Jerry Ford and his rebels were out to oust Charlie Halleck, 64.

As his opening shot, Ford, 51, sent telegrams to Republicans who will be in the next House, asked them to back him against Halleck as minority leader when they caucus on Jan. 4. At a press conference, Ford explained: "It is a question of having new, dynamic, bold, innovating leadership. It is a question of using all the talent that we have available among Republicans in the House."

Friendly Terms. Challenger Ford, ranking G.O.P. expert on military appropriations and chairman of the House



SIT-INS AT CHARLOTTE, N.C., LUNCH COUNTER (1960)
Freed from fear with a \$2,000,000 bonus.

Republican Conference (caucus), has worked closely and on friendly terms with Halleck. He is only slightly less conservative than Halleck. He admires the tough old rooster's capacity for combat. But he, like many other House Republicans, feels that Halleck presents a party image too much in the negative spirit of Goldwaterism.

There is also widespread resentment at Halleck's reluctance to parcel out responsible positions to younger Republicans. Ford, a onetime University of Michigan star linebacker, last week used football terms in pointedly promising that under his leadership every House Republican would be "a first-team player" and a "60-minute man."

Ford has widespread support among House Republicans, but his success against Halleck is by no means assured. Charlie has been around for a long while, has in his possession a lot of political IOUs, and will certainly not hesitate to call them in. Last week, before Ford announced his candidacy, the House Republican Conference met, fully expecting Halleck to come out swinging against any imminent threat to his leadership. But Charlie sweet-talked the dissidents about party harmony, to the point that one of them, Massachusetts' Silvio Conte, told reporters, "It's as peaceful in there as Miss Plimpton's sewing circle."

Cozy Clubbers. To put together a majority against Halleck, Jerry Ford will have to win support from a wide variety of Republicans, ranging from deep-dyed conservatives who happen to have a grudge against Charlie, to members of the relatively liberal Wednesday Club (so called because the group usually meets on Wednesday afternoons). The Wednesday Clubbers so far are being cozy about supporting Ford in hopes of winning pledges from him to

give them preferred committee assignments when and if he beats Halleck.

This, of course, is exactly the sort of politics that Charlie Halleck also understands. But whatever dickering Jerry Ford has to do he apparently has already done. When he announced his candidacy, he said that he would have the votes to win.

SEQUELS

Spies' Demise

Two men were convicted by a Newark, N.J., federal court jury early this month for spying for the Soviet Union. One man was a Soviet national named Igor Ivanov, who was working in the U.S. for Amtorg, the Russian trade agency. The other man was an American-born engineer, John W. Butenko, 39, who had been working on highly classified electronic equipment for the International Telephone & Telegraph Corp. FBI agents had trailed Butenko and Ivanov for six months and in October 1963 had arrested the two in the company of two Soviet diplomats. In the Russians' car, in addition to pieces of espionage gear, the FBI men had found Butenko's dispatch case containing top-secret documents.

Last week Federal Judge Anthony Augelli passed sentence: 20 years in prison for Ivanov, and a total of 30 years' imprisonment for Butenko. They were led off to jail, protesting their innocence.

CALIFORNIA

After Sam's Scalp

Congressman James Roosevelt, 57, last week decided to take on a tartar. He announced his candidacy against Los Angeles Mayor Samuel Yorty in next April's municipal primary.^{*} Said Roosevelt in a gibe at Yorty's notable irascibility: "Los Angeles must not be subjected to government by tantrum."

Yorty, 55, is no pushover, not even for the eldest son of F.D.R. A maverick, he started his political career as an ultraliberal California assemblyman but turned conservative, and vociferously anti-Communist, during two terms in the U.S. House and backed Republican Richard Nixon in 1960. That brought threats from regular Democrats to get Sam's scalp, but he went on to win an upset victory for mayor in 1961.

Yorty has reduced discrimination in city hiring, placed qualified professionals at the head of key city departments, and reversed a city ordinance that required housewives to separate cans from all other trash. He defends his record literally from A (for airport—"We made it self-supporting") to Z (for zoo

^{*} The Los Angeles primary is a nonpartisan preference vote, but if any candidate gains an absolute majority, he is automatically elected mayor. Otherwise, the two leading candidates qualify for the general elections the next month.



CALIFORNIA'S ROOSEVELT
Facing a shrewd old hand.

—"The city is getting some rare albino kangaroos"). But his administration has been marred by his constant and noisy fights with the city council, and he is currently involved in a controversial attempt to amend the city charter to give the mayor more power.

Roosevelt, a six-term Congressman, plans to campaign "not as a liberal Democrat but as a man with a bread and butter program for getting things done." He has the backing of Governor Pat Brown, and will have the support of the state's regular Democratic organization. But Sam Yorty is an old hand at knocking over organizations.

OPINION

The Chinese Who?

"The American public," said a report issued last week by the Council on Foreign Relations, "is not well informed about China."

That is hardly the half of it—at least according to a survey of 1,501 people done for the council, a nonprofit institution (board chairman: John J. McCloy), by the University of Michigan's Survey Research Center.

When asked, "What kind of government does most of China have now?" or "Do you happen to know if there is any Communist government in China now?", an incredible 28% indicated that they did not know. Moreover, 39% did not know of the existence of the Nationalist Chinese government. Of those who were aware of the two Chinas, 62% opposed U.S. help to the Nationalists in an attack against the mainland. Seventy-five percent favored the U.S.'s remaining in the United Nations when and if the Chinese Communists are admitted; only 5% would want the U.S. to withdraw.

Shifting its sights to the south, the survey asked: "Have you happened to hear anything about the fighting in Viet Nam?" An astonishing 25% said no.



MICHIGAN'S FORD

Out to get a tough old rooster.

THE HEMISPHERE

PANAMA

Dig We Must

President Johnson last week took a step that U.S. policymakers have been talking about for years. "This government," he said at a White House press conference, "has completed an intensive review of policy toward the present and future of the Panama Canal. On the basis of this review, I have reached two decisions. First, that the United States should press forward with Panama and other interested governments in plans and preparations for a sea-level canal in this area. Second, I have decided to propose to the government of Panama the negotiation of an entirely new treaty on the existing Panama Canal."

Wonder of the World. The need for a new canal is growing desperate. In the 50 years since U.S. Army engineers carved the present seaway out of the Panamanian jungle, the canal has proved one of the wonders of the world. Today some 50% of Japan's exports to the West pass through the canal; such South American nations as Ecuador, Peru and Chile depend on it for between 75% and 90% of their total imports and exports. But ships have slowly outgrown the intricate network of three lock systems that carry them across the hump of the isthmus, and trade is expanding far beyond the canal's capacity to handle it. Over the last ten years, commercial traffic has climbed from 36 million tons annually to almost 65 million tons. Today, some ships lie to for 15 hours or more awaiting their turn. The biggest tankers and aircraft carriers cannot squeeze through at all. With the trend to bigger and bigger ships, the canal will be obsolete altogether by the year 2000.

Johnson mentioned four possible sites

—all of them publicly discussed on earlier occasions—for a sea-level canal to connect the Atlantic and Pacific without need of locks. One is a 95-mile route in northwest Colombia, another a 168-mile route slicing through Costa Rica and Nicaragua; the remaining two are in Panama itself—one running 60 miles through the southern Darien wilderness and the other, the present 51-mile waterway, which would need considerable widening and deepening to eliminate the locks. Johnson gave no hint as to which route the U.S. preferred, saying only, "I have asked the Secretary of State to begin discussions immediately with all the governments concerned."

Presumably, the State Department will sound out each government to see if it does or does not want a canal, then negotiate a series of treaties with them that will permit the U.S. to make a thorough study of the possibilities. The test borings and surveys would take about four years. Once a route is decided upon and a final treaty written, construction will get underway. If possible, the U.S. would like to use nuclear explosives to dig the trench. Nukes are faster than dynamite, run one-tenth the cost, and would hold the price for the Colombia canal to \$1.2 billion, the Nicaragua-Costa Rica canal to \$1.24 billion, or the southern Panama route to \$500 million.

Nuclear techniques are obviously impossible in the present densely populated Canal Zone. Bypassing the locks and widening the main Gaillard Cut by conventional methods would cost about \$2 billion, would require shutting down the canal for only twelve days over the entire construction span. Whichever route is chosen, a new sea-level canal could be ready for operation within 10 years from the day that work starts.

A Time to Negotiate. The sticking point, of course, is what kind of a treaty the U.S. can write for control, operation and defense of a new canal. The Panama Canal made Panama a nation. Yet for years Panamanians have railed against the 1903 treaty, which gives the U.S. "sovereignty in perpetuity" over the ten-mile-wide Canal Zone, demanding a bigger share of the revenues, and more control of both the canal and the zone. Last January's anti-Yankee riots, which left 26 dead (including three U.S. G.I.s) showed how deep the passions go. The U.S., as Johnson said last week, is now willing to rewrite the 1903 treaty for the remaining life of the present canal, striking out the hated word sovereignty and giving Panama most of what else it wants, but insisting on some form of iron-clad U.S. control.

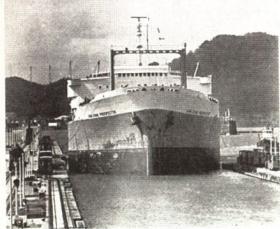
How those negotiations go may well determine the shape of the treaties for a new canal—and whether or not the U.S. decides to build in Panama. Both Costa Rica and Colombia reacted enthusiastically to the prospect of a canal on their territory. No one seems to understand that better than Panama's recently inaugurated President Marcos Robles. On TV last week, he told his people of President Johnson's "transcendental" announcement and "the happy prospects on this historic day for our nation."

COLOMBIA

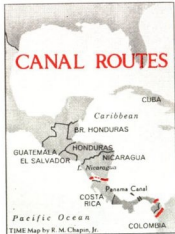
The Unspoiled Speck

It is only a flyspeck island off the coast of Nicaragua, but last week the tiny Colombian colony of San Andrés was churning up tidal waves all the way back to Washington. More than 100 sporting types from New York had been flown down to the island by chartered plane as expenses-paid guests of the El Dorado Hotel. All they had to do was buy a few stacks of chips and give the hotel's casino a chance to win back the price of the junket. The trouble came when several guests tried to cash in chips, and the hotel refused to honor them. The ensuing uproar got so noisy that Colombia had to fly in several peacemakers: a U.S. consul hurried over, and Washington's Civil Aeronautics Board even called for a full-dress review of all such junkets to foreign and domestic gambling meccas.

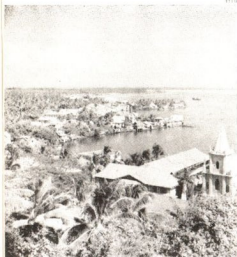
Any Number Can Play. Gambling is only the latest racket for San Andrés—



ORE CARRIER SQUEEZING THROUGH CANAL LOCKS
A relic by the year 2000.



TIME Map by R. M. Chapin, Jr.



SAN ANDRÉS

A hint to go straight.

brought on by hard times. Up to now, the island's real business and pleasure has been smuggling. In 1959, hoping to promote tourism, the Colombian government made San Andrés a free port, decreed that any five-day visitor could take \$150 worth of goods back to the mainland without paying a centavo in duties. Before long, luxury-starved Colombians were stocking up on everything from perfume, booze and china to radios, phonographs and TVs.

Mainland duties are high, and what came cheap on San Andrés brought two and three times the price in Bogotá. Completely banned items, such as birth control pills, turned a 400% profit. Travelers strapped wristwatches the full length of their arms and legs, stashed contraband in dirty clothes where inspectors are loath to rummage. Airline crews left booty aboard for cooperative maintenance men to pick up. And women who weren't pregnant often left San Andrés looking as if they were.

Any Port in a Storm. From 1960 through last year, according to one thoughtful estimate, 235,000 Colombians visited San Andrés and returned home with \$120 million worth of merchandise, well over three times the legal limit. That represented a dizzying drain on Colombia's dollar reserves. So last month the government abruptly slammed the door. Henceforth, every San Andrés traveler could bring back only \$20 worth of goods—and he could make only two trips a year. The ruling spelled disaster for the island. A wave of bankruptcies swept the business district. Unemployment zoomed. Over Radio Havana, Fidel Castro eagerly urged San Andrés to revolt against "Colombian imperialism!"—and join his own unspoiled paradise. Soon the only visitors to the island were bill collectors. Things had come to a pretty pass. Which was just when somebody thought up the gambling junket idea.

But by last week the new little mon-

eymaker seemed headed for the same fate as smuggling. The Colombian government ordered the El Dorado casino closed and intimated that the island ought to try something legitimate for once. That may be difficult. The tourist-folder boast that San Andrés is an "unspoiled paradise" is only too true. The island has yet to be spoiled by a decent electrical system, or even running water. And now with the kibosh put on gambling and smuggling, it should be some time before the Caribbean speck is spoiled by tourists.

BRAZIL

Billion-Dollar Booster

Since 1961, the U.S. has poured some \$780 million into Brazil only to see most of it disappear down the Amazon. The prospects became so disheartening that Washington aid to the wobbly, leftist regime of João Goulart gradually dwindled to a trickle. Last week, after eight months spent in careful observation of the revolutionary government of President Humberto Castello Branco, the U.S. announced that it is ready to try again with \$453 million, a package that makes Brazil the greatest U.S. economic-aid beneficiary of any nation except Pakistan and India. With the addition of expected funds from international agencies and private capital, Castello Branco will be getting a 1965 boost totaling \$1 billion.

The U.S. aid will be put up by half a dozen sources, from the Agency for International Development (AID) to the U.S. Treasury. The Brazilians will use it to reduce next year's enormous \$475 million budget deficit, to provide credits for farmers and businessmen, and for a host of seriously needed development projects (the A.F.L.-C.I.O. is making a \$23 million loan for workers' housing). To make sure the funds go where they should, Brazil has agreed to a regular review of progress, faces a cutoff in the flow of funds if performance is not good. "This is a calculated strategy on which the odds look good," said U.S. Ambassador to Brazil Lincoln Gordon after the agreement was signed. "This time, for the first time, there is support—honest backing for a program from the President on down—and that is what will count."

ARGENTINA

Comfort over Pride

After Spain's General Francisco Franco told Argentina's ex-Dictator Juan Perón, 69, to stop meddling in Argentine politics or get out of Spain, those close to Perón felt that pride would force the aging exile to seek asylum elsewhere. But life is good at Perón's opulent villa in Madrid, and for the moment at least comfort overcame pride. Last week Perón surrendered to Franco's terms, solemnly promising to abstain from all political skulduggery "while I remain in this country."

CANADA

Their Own Flag at Last

The argument dragged on for six months, generated more than 270 windy speeches, produced the longest continuous session of Parliament in Canadian history, and all but divided a nation. Last week the debate over a national flag for Canada finally ended. By a vote of 163 to 78 in the House of Commons, and 38 to 23 in the Senate, Canada's Parliament approved what Liberal Prime Minister Lester Pearson calls a flag for all Canadians. All that remained was for Queen Elizabeth to proclaim the new flag as the official emblem of Canada. Then down will come the old Red Ensign with its British Union Jack in the corner. And over Ottawa's Parliament Hill will fly the new banner—a single red maple leaf on a white field with heavy red bars on either side.

To the very end, Opposition Leader John Diefenbaker and his Conservatives fought bitterly against the maple-leaf flag, arguing that it was an affront to Mother Britain to replace the Red Ensign—that had flown for 19 years. Yet Pearson, head of an unsteady minority government desperately trying to unify Canada's divided English and French-speaking populations, persisted and final-



LIBERALS CHEERING MAPLE LEAF

A line for the books.

ly had to shut off debate by invoking closure for the first time since 1956.

As the clock ran out, Pearson and Diefenbaker leaped to their feet for one last speech. When Pearson got the floor, he offered half his time to Diefenbaker, who refused, raging: "When the Greeks produce gifts, we recognize what they mean." Pearson was barely audible above the Conservative catcalls, but he got out a line that will join him in the history books as the man who gave Canada its own emblem: "This is a flag for the future."

—A Canadianized version of the British merchant marine flag, the Red Ensign was first flown by Canadian merchant vessels in 1892, became Canada's "unofficial" flag in 1945.



WINNER DE GAULLE®
Setting him up to get his way.

NATO

Off Collision Course

It began as a tale of two deadlines. By far the more important was set by Charles de Gaulle, who had stipulated that the Six must achieve a joint grain price by Dec. 15—or else France might pull out of the Common Market. At Brussels last week, his deadline was met to the day, and while this was a victory for De Gaulle, it was also a major victory for Europe (see following story). The other deadline had been set against De Gaulle's opposition by the U.S., which had insisted that by year's end, or early next year at the latest, some kind of multilateral nuclear force must be established, possibly even if the U.S. and West Germany had to go it alone. At last week's NATO ministerial meeting in Paris, the U.S. elaborately backed away from the deadline, decided to let Britain, Germany and the rest of the Europeans try to work out for themselves a compromise on some sort of joint force.

This, too, was a victory for De Gaulle—and one which the U.S. had set up for him, because for months the State Department had kept overselling MLF and talking as if the fate of the world depended on it.

After the meeting, the U.S. line was that MLF had been "neither advanced

nor retarded." That was nonsense. It had indeed been retarded and, to all intents and purposes, sunk in its original form. The fact became clear when Secretary of State Dean Rusk was still arguing the MLF case in Paris while in Washington President Johnson casually remarked that the U.S. was "not committed" and would consider "modifications." The Europeans regarded this as the year's most spectacular rug-pulling operation. But it was also a sound decision not to wreck the Western Alliance by trying to force through a scheme hardly anybody really wanted, and as a result the U.S. and France were talking to each other again.

Lorelei Umbrella. Defense Secretary Robert McNamara started off in NATO's huge conference room, nicknamed the Cathedral, by once again trying to answer the basic Gaullist suspicion that the U.S. might not defend Europe. In case of an all-out war, said McNamara, the alternative of "Europe or the U.S." did not exist in Washington planning. In nuclear terms, an attack on Western Europe would be an attack on the U.S. As proof, McNamara pointed out that the U.S. has placed in NATO more than 800 ICBMs, more than 300 Polaris missiles and hundreds of bombers. The aggregate yield of nukes stored in Germany alone, McNamara added, is more than 5,000 times the yield of the Hiroshima bomb.

In a sense, this made it all the plainer that no additional nuclear gimmicks were needed. But while the Paris delegates continued to discuss MLF and the British proposals for an Atlantic nuclear force (see Great Britain), still another little atomic plan was disclosed that made MLF seem positively brilliant by comparison. It was a West German army proposal to create a "nuclear mine belt" along the West German border fronting East Germany. The buried mines would presumably annihilate an invader without forcing him into a nuclear counterstrike because they would not explode on his own but only on West German territory. It was hard to see how this would serve to heighten West Germany's sense of security, since it assumed that the invader would arrive only on land. But both the U.S. and France professed interest, and in fact similar devices are said to be under installation around, of all places, the Lorelei rocks on the Rhine, presumably to flood the Rhine valley to slow an attacker.

Slapped Hard. It was just about the only subject on which anyone gave a hearing to the Germans, who turned out to be the real losers at Paris. Foreign Minister Gerhard Schröder was being more American than the Americans and was still defending MLF when the U.S. had already begun to move away.

THE WORLD

For his pains, Schröder was slapped down hard by the French, who refused to sign even an innocuous communiqué proposing new approaches to Moscow for a possible German settlement.

In two separate talks with Dean Rusk, De Gaulle again explained his vision of a United States of Europe stretching from the Atlantic to the Urals, with Western Europe serving as a magnet to the rest of the now largely Communist continent. If Western Europe is too closely linked to the U.S. and locked in a tight Atlantic world, argued De Gaulle, it would be unable to serve this centripetal function, since countries such as Rumania, already showing signs of loosening their ties to Moscow, are simply not part of the Atlantic world. It was perhaps the most cogent argument yet offered against the "Atlantic Community" concept.

A Member of the Club. In their attempts to describe the improved atmosphere between the U.S. and France, the American officials in Paris only succeeded in demonstrating De Gaulle's diplomatic success. U.S. sources who a week before Paris had talked tough came away taking strange comfort in the fact that they had not been "hacked up." The U.S. hailed as a welcome sign of French conciliation the fact that McNamara and French Defense Minister Pierre Messmer had discussed plans for coordinating targeting when the French *force de frappe* bomber fleet comes into being next year.

It almost sounded as if the U.S. were happy that De Gaulle had deigned to



ALLIED MINISTERS
Sinking a plan...

® At a memorial service last week for a dead Resistance leader.

recognize the American nuclear deterrent. In fact, of course, it was the U.S. that had finally recognized France's. For if the French force merits joint targeting with the U.S., it cannot be quite the impotent *force de frappe* that American officials have scornfully tried to make it out to be. De Gaulle in reality has at last been recognized as a member of the nuclear club. In the past, whenever the U.S. talked nonproliferation, it meant to exclude France from having a separate deterrent; last week nonproliferation suddenly seemed to mean joining with De Gaulle in keeping the bomb from other nations.

When sounded out about a meeting with Johnson, De Gaulle made it plain that the week had given him no inferiority complexes. Johnson was welcome in Paris, he indicated, provided that he came to Europe to see De Gaulle—and nobody else.

COMMON MARKET

A Triumph for Europe

"Never in the course of our evolution have we taken a decision of such magnitude," beamed Walter Hallstein, the Common Market's usually understated president. "From now on we can only march forward into a European future," exclaimed German Economics Minister Kurt Schmücker. He was stubble-bearded and blanching with fatigue after two marathon bargaining sessions that had lasted 42 hours. "It's a great, great success, a great political event," said the European Economic Community's farm boss, Sicco Mansholt, his voice breaking with emotion. Then, at 5:30 on a foggy morning in Brussels, the diplomats unabashedly embraced one another.

Halfway Price. The cause for jubilation was an agreement on the Mansholt Plan to create a common market for cereals starting with the 1967 harvest, meaning, as Mansholt explained, "From Schleswig-Holstein to Sicily, we'll have one basic system, one set of rules and prices." Despite their startling success in reducing industrial divisions among themselves in the seven years since the Common Market was founded, the Six until now have had small luck in harmonizing their farm policies—largely because of the disparity between France's low-cost farm efficiency and Germany's cosseted high-cost output. Mansholt proposed an obvious solution: fix wheat, which is the key to the whole farm price scale, roughly halfway between the German and the French prices, at \$106.25 per metric ton.

The Germans stalled for over a year, since the price cut would hurt German farm income to the point of putting as many as a million German farmers out of business and seriously endanger the C.D.U. farm-bloc vote in elections next year. But as French grain surpluses mounted, De Gaulle grew impatient, finally announced two months ago that if the wheat-price issue was not resolved by Dec. 15, France would "cease to participate" in the Common Market.

Only ten months ago, the German Bundestag had voted that German wheat prices would not come down until after 1970. In fact, Chancellor Erhard hoped to reform Germany's outmoded agriculture, and wanted to give in anyway; to do so he needed the excuse of pressure from the French and the U.S. (which wants a common farm policy to enable the E.E.C. to negotiate in the Kennedy Round trade talks). As the pressure mounted, the German delegation at Brussels finally surrendered, enabling the Six to meet De Gaulle's deadline.

Neat Paradox. "All's well that ends well," said Erhard cheerily in Bonn after the Brussels accord, despite pained cries that he had capitulated. "It means new hope for all questions of political and economic integration of Europe." Still, the price for Erhard was high: he promised to pay German farmers some \$2 billion in extra subsidies between now and 1970 to enable them to adjust to the lower price levels for their produce. That was enough, presumably, to keep the farmers happy at election time next September.

Even De Gaulle joined in the euphoria, as well he might. The agreement, he said, was a "capital step" along the road to political unity, opening "all sorts of possibilities for the construction of Europe"—provided, he added in a dig at the U.S., that Europe acts "by itself and for itself."

Although France stands to benefit most from a common farm policy, the triumph is really Europe's—proving that not all of De Gaulle's adamant positions are wrong, a fact often overlooked by those who automatically hate anything



HALLSTEIN, SCHMÜCKER & MANSHOLT AT BRUSSELS
Tightening ties to march forward.

De Gaulle does. Thus far, French interests and Common Market progress have neatly coincided, a paradox De Gaulle well understands and adroitly used in forcing the grain-price accord.

What he perhaps understands less well is that as France grows more and more interdependent economically, his declarations of political and military independence are likely to carry less weight. While France may well emerge as the leader of an integrated Europe, De Gaulle will no longer be able convincingly to threaten a French withdrawal if he does not get his way on a specific matter. As long as only the industrial half of the E.E.C. was forging ahead, full economic union was impossible. With the addition of the agricultural half in 1967, the ties that bind the Six will draw so tight that a future threat to leave the Common Market—by France or any of the Six—will be virtually impossible.

UNITED NATIONS

Irresponsible & Repugnant

"Never before have I heard such irrational, irresponsible, insulting and repugnant language in these chambers—and language used, if you please, contemptuously to impugn and slander a gallant and successful effort to save human lives of many nationalities and colors."

Adlai Stevenson, who doesn't get worked up very often, had carefully written the speech, overruled the doubts of some of his aides ("Should we be so rough?"), and sent the words flying like stinging chips of wood across the Security Council's horseshoe table. He had reason to be angry; in both Council and Assembly, the Africans' irrational and



AT NATO SESSION
... to prevent a wreck.



KENYA'S
MURUMBI



BURUNDI'S
MBAZUMUTIMA



GUINEA'S
BEAVOGUI



BRAZZAVILLE'S
GANAQ



MALI'S
BA

Who committed murder, aggression and cannibalism?

insulting language had poured forth, supposedly in support of a complaint to the Council that the Stanleyville rescue operation had been an act of "aggression" and "intervention."

The Accusers. Led by Africa's radical hard core—Ghana, Guinea, Algeria, Mali and Egypt—18 of the continent's 35 nations had signed the complaint. The signatories included the tiny leftist kingdom of Burundi, where Chinese influence is strong, and backwater states that once belonged to France: Central African Republic, Brazzaville Congo, Dahomey, Mauritania and Mali. Also on the list, however, were normally more moderate Ethiopia and the Sudan, and the Commonwealth nations of Kenya, Malawi, Tanzania, Uganda and Zambia, of which better things should have been expected.

Despite the fact that many of the complaining nations, such as Tanzania and Kenya, had in the past relied on outside troops to help them keep order, or had called them in to quell uprisings, the rescue operation was roundly condemned by Foreign Minister Charles-Daniel Ganao of the Brazzaville Congo as "the latest aggression committed by the Americans, the Belgians and the British against the black population."

Ganao charged that the operation's only purpose had been "to exterminate the black inhabitants," but Guinean Foreign Minister Louis Beavogui thought it had been carried out "to keep Africa within the orbit of the imperialist powers," and Kenya's Foreign Minister Joseph Murumbi called it a "sordid collusion, a calculated attempt to impose

American-Belgian domination in the Congo." For Tanzanian Foreign Minister Oscar Kambona, it "will go down in history as the meanest, most unwarranted and provocative interference by the Western world in the affairs of the African continent."

Burundi's Foreign Minister Joseph Mbazumutima sneered that Premier Tshombe's white allies consider "the blacks, by definition, killers and liars." And Mali's Foreign Minister Ousman Ba even accused the U.S. of "massive cannibalism."

The Specter. It was a chilling display, and its significance reached far beyond the Congo. "Even such a torrent of abuse of my country is of no consequence compared to the specter of racial antagonism and conflict raised in this chamber," said Stevenson. "I personally need no credentials as a spokesman for racial equality. I say that racial hatred, racial strife, has cursed the world for too long. I make no defense of the sins of the white race. But the antidote for white racism is not black racism."

Stevenson charged that the real interventionists in the Congo were Algeria, Ghana, Burundi and Brazzaville—not to mention the Chinese Reds—who were actively supporting the Congolese rebels against Tshombe's legal government. Stevenson warned: "If every internal rivalry is to become a Spanish Civil War, with each faction drawing in other Africans and great powers from other continents, the history of independent Africa in this century will be bloody and shameful."

The Defender. One of the Africans who publicly agreed with Stevenson was Nigeria's earthy, bulldogged Foreign Minister Jaja Wachuku, who noted that the wild, radical charges were not "the only opinion that exists within the African scene." The only serious question before the Security Council, said Wachuku, was the Tshombe government's own charge "that certain sister African countries have been subverting it, aiding and abetting rebellion within its territory, and indeed doing everything to make it impossible for that state to exist."

Wachuku pointed out that Tshombe had sought U.S. and Belgian support only after all African states had refused to help him restore order: "If your brothers and sisters let you down and you know that you have some

faithful friends, you turn to them." As to the left-wing cry that all Africans must rally against Tshombe, Wachuku remarked acidly that "it appears that there are people who feel that in Africa one must all be of the same type, the same size and the same weight, and that our color must be exactly the same." Such thinking could only lead to trouble, he said: "We have different shades of black in Africa. Some are very fair, some are chocolate brown, some are very dark, and some are what you might call graphite grey."

The Russian Role. All such arguments were lost on the Russians. Soviet Delegate Nikolai Fedorenko charged wildly that the "monstrous" Stanleyville mercy mission had been part of "a criminal conspiracy for the dismemberment of the Congo," that Tshombe's mercenaries had massacred over 10,000 Congolese.

There was increasing evidence that the Russians, perhaps jarred into action by Peking's successful inroads, are beginning their first major African drive since they were kicked out of Guinea three years ago. In Moscow the Kremlin suddenly closed the Congo's embassy staff on mysterious charges of "hostile activities." From the Congo, where Tshombe's armies were running into increased fire power from the rebel Simbas, came the first solid proof that Russia's military aid was getting through. Government troops captured from the rebels a quantity of Russian rifles and machine guns, many still bearing traces of heavy packing grease.



NIGERIA'S WACHUKU

Must all be the same shade of black?



ADLAI STEVENSON

Every conflict a Spanish Civil War?

THE CONGO

Lumumba Jumbo

I am the Congo, the Congo has made me, I am making the Congo.

—Patrice Lumumba

Four years after his death, a lot of people talk as if Patrice Emery Lumumba were still the Congo. In and out of the U.N., African leftists and their Communist backers seem determined to turn Lumumba into a martyr-saint. Bulgaria and Albania joined last week to praise the "great Congolese patriot" who symbolized the "heart of Africa" but was "brutally assassinated." The Ethiopian and Guinean delegations compared him to Hammarskjöld, while the Mali representative went one better and compared him to Hammarskjöld and John Kennedy.

Throughout the Communist bloc and in much of Africa, Lumumba's name, with its rhythm of jungle drums, is invoked by innumerable agitators. It is also borne by hundreds of streets, dozens of schools, Moscow has its Patrice Lumumba Friendship University for foreign students, Belgrade its Patrice Lumumba student home. In Castro Cuba, romantically inclined young workers find togetherness in Patrice Lumumba social centers. Last week in Kenya, the brand new \$120,000 Lumumba Institute, built with Russian and Chinese money, opened its doors to "rehabilitate the minds of Kenyans from a colonial mentality and teach them how to sacrifice themselves for the good of the country and of Africans as a whole."

No Longer Monkeys. Amid all this mumbo jumbo, the real Lumumba has been almost forgotten. He was, of course, a violent, often eloquent anti-colonialist, and an infectiously fanatic orator. At the 1960 independence ceremony, he seized the microphone to tell Belgium's King Baudouin that "from today, we are no longer your monkeys." He was also the first Congolese politician to think beyond tribal boundaries, the founder (in 1959) of the Congo's first semi-national political movement, its first real pan-African nationalist—and its first Prime Minister. But at the time of his death, most of his countrymen had either never heard of him or hated him.

He was, among other things, a convicted embezzler (of some \$2,500 in postal funds), a monumental drunkard, an almost compulsive liar, and an addicted hemp smoker. More important, he was a disaster as Prime Minister. Although his party barely controlled less than one-fourth of the seats in Parliament, he refused to make the political compromises necessary to form a working coalition government, quickly alienated almost every important power base in the Congo. Headstrong, unstable and perpetually frenzied, Lumumba never even tried to govern. His army rebelled less than a week after he took office;

his Belgian civil servants fled in terror; vital provinces tried to secede; and the land, neither administered nor policed, reverted to darkness. Howling all the while about white imperialism, Patrice Lumumba himself did not hesitate to sell the exploitation rights to the Congo's vast resources to a fast-talking American promoter.

Secret Letter. Scarcely two months after he took office, his good Ghana friend Kwame Nkrumah sent him a worried letter. "Patrice," wrote the "Redeemer," "if you fail, you have only yourself to blame and it will be due to your unwillingness to face the facts of life." The letter arrived too late: President Joseph Kasavubu had fired Lumumba. Lumumba's response was typical. He tried to fire Kasavubu. But the President was supported by the army, and it was Lumumba who stayed out.

For two months Lumumba lived under the protection of a U.N. guard—



MARTYR LUMUMBA

Like Hammarskjöld and Kennedy?

and used the telephone kept open for him by the U.N. to plot his return to power. One night he ducked past his guards and drove off, alone, toward his home town of Stanleyville, where he hoped to lead a revolution against Kasavubu. He was arrested before he got there. His captors, in Congo fashion, saw to it that he was beaten up, jailed, and, at Kasavubu's orders, eventually turned over to the personal custody of his archenemy Moïse Tshombe—who either arranged to have him killed or let him die from wounds inflicted by Kasavubu's men.

Had he been wiser, or smarter, Patrice Lumumba would have been 39 this year. And the Congo might well have become a nation with no more than the normal ration of African problems instead of a blood-spattered land of savagery, corruption and anarchy—which is largely what Lumumba helped make it.

SOUTH VIET NAM

Hunger & Desperation

On a rainy afternoon, South Viet Nam's top three monks made separate arrivals at Saigon Buddhist headquarters—Thích Tri Quang in a blue Renault taxi, Thích Tam Chau in a Mercedes, Thích Tinh Khiet in a Peugeot 404. In a dressing room they changed from street habits to their yellow robes. Then, amid clashing gongs and curling incense, the trio stood before a neon-lit Buddha, chanting: "We pledge to fulfill our religious duties, to sacrifice ourselves for the defense of religion, to pray for the people and the nation to live in peace."

The *bonzes* thus began a 48-hour fast in their campaign to bring down Premier Tran Van Huong and install a government that would be the Buddhists' puppet. Retiring to bare cells, they squatted in contemplation, taking only orange juice for sustenance. Crowds gathered but the fast failed to fella Huong, and there were reports that low-level talks had begun, aimed at a face-saving compromise.

As the week wore on, however, Buddhist frustration appeared to turn toward dangerous desperation. After his own fast, Tam Chau, the sect's political coordinator, led 500 monks and nuns in another 24-hour hunger strike; before beginning it, a group of the *bonzes* prudently tucked into a hearty breakfast outside their pagoda. Then a Buddhist communiqué claimed that Tri Quang, leader of northern and central Buddhists, was continuing his original fast into a sixth day. Quang is said to like fasting, on grounds that it "clears the head."

Any reasonably clear head should have seen that the Buddhists were gravely hurting the war against the Reds, who pressed their attacks in the coastal provinces, having seized and held much of the Anlo Valley, despite the government's five-battalion drive to dislodge them. But for the moment, the most crucial war was still being fought between the government and the Buddhists. At week's end, the South Vietnamese army reasserted its political power, dissolved the High National Council, a kind of legislative assembly that has been partly under Buddhist influence. Rumors continued that the Buddhists would again resort to fire; the word was out that during their triple fast Quang, Chau and Khiet had drawn lots from a hat for the honor of self-immolation by fire, and that the 80-year-old Khiet had won.

Catholic Exodus

Deliberately or not, the militant Buddhists and the Communists complement each other in South Viet Nam. Caught by both forces are the country's 1.6 million Roman Catholics, who until the overthrow of Catholic President Ngo Dinh Diem were generally considered

to be enjoying a favored position. They are favored no longer.

In recent months, 20,000 Catholic peasants have descended from the mountainous central region to the coastal city of Quinhon, where most of them now huddle in eleven makeshift camps—5,000 live in the gardens of the local cathedral. Many fled because their villages were overrun by the Viet Cong, others because they feared it was about to happen. For quite a few it was a second exodus: they first moved when the Reds took over North Viet Nam ten years ago. North or South, Catholics are treated more harshly by the Reds than are Buddhists. There are, of course, many Buddhists staunchly fighting the Viet Cong—both Premier Tran Van Huong and Military Chief Nguyen Khanh are Buddhists—but the Catholics as a group have always seemed to be tougher anti-Communists.

Double Jeopardy. In several villages where the Viet Cong demanded anti-government demonstrations, Buddhists complied, but Catholics had to be forced to join at gunpoint. One refugee reported that the guerrillas shot 40 men simply because they were Catholics. Guerrillas frequently harvest a Catholic family's rice crop as "taxes," while Buddhists get off more easily. Some Catholics have been executed for not meeting their prescribed quotas of *pungce* sticks.*

To make matters worse, the Buddhists keep harping on real or fancied persecution under the French and Diem, are waging a campaign of anti-Catholic vengeance in the central provinces. Since Diem's murder, Buddhist gangs have burned Catholic huts. More

than once, authorities of Buddhist villages, aware that a neighboring Catholic village was under Viet Cong attack, have delayed fatally in calling troops for help. Many Catholic village administrators have been driven out not by the Communists but by Buddhists—after which the Reds took over without firing a shot. Thanks partly to Buddhist help, the Viet Cong have seized two-thirds of the "new life hamlets" (the new name given Diem's old "strategic hamlets") along the central coast.

Moved to Fight. In some villages, the entire Catholic population will pull up stakes, while their Buddhist neighbors stay behind. But Red roadblocks make getting out difficult for the refugees. Families often have to break up in order to slip away individually, usually by roundabout paths or jungle streams. In Quinhon, where the refugees are arriving at the rate of 300 a day, the homeless receive food from Catholic charities and medical care from American Franciscan sisters—though disease is inevitable in the fetid shantytowns.

Apart from humanitarian concern, U.S. advisers worry that the flight may weaken further the central region's crumbling resistance to the Reds. Most of the Catholic D.P.s ultimately want to reach Saigon, where Father Hoang Quynh, unofficial leader of the North Vietnamese Catholic exile community, is trying to resettle the latest refugees from Communism. More than 2,000 have been transported to the capital by Vietnamese navy ship, and Quynh hopes to found new refugee villages in government-held sectors of the Mekong delta. There is a move afoot among Quinhon's male refugees to organize Catholic self-defense corps and fight alongside government militiamen. In fact, Catholic volunteer units have recaptured four Red-captured villages.

WEST GERMANY

When Does Justice End?

For the first time in 20 years, the German language echoed once again through the cells, bunkers and crematoria of the infamous death camp at Auschwitz. It was spoken there by 16 lawyers and a judge from a Frankfurt war-crimes trial, who had made a special trip to Poland to check the credibility of testimony given at the trial of 21 accused Nazi murderers. Since war's end, Poland has kept a portion of the camp intact as a memorial to the estimated 3,000,000 slain prisoners, and as the German voices rang out, a Pole who had himself been imprisoned at Auschwitz shuddered. Later he said: "I closed my eyes and it was as if it were yesterday."

Shallow Ditch. The tour was also grizzly for the Germans, as they measured distances and angles of vision to determine whether defendants could have been heard and identified as claimed by their accusers. One grey-faced lawyer fled an inspection of the dungeons of Cell Block 11, crying "I can't stand it any longer!" Another lawyer became ill after visiting one of the gas chambers. All stood mutely at the edge of a shallow ditch where the Nazi SS troops had burned corpses on pyres when the crematoria were filled. Traces of ash and bone could still be seen. One German picked up a yellowed, half-burned page printed in Hebrew. It was the Kaddish—the prayer for the dead.

One of the accused, former SS Dr. Franz Lucas, who is charged with making life-or-death selections of incoming prisoners, voluntarily accompanied the court officials. Said Lucas: "It was my duty to come. Everyone who has the opportunity should come here and see what racism can lead to."

Embarrassed West. Poland, which still harbors bitter suspicions of Germany, was impressed by the court's willingness to make this conscientious journey into the past. A doubting world has long since been convinced of the determination of most West Germans to redress the evil of Nazidom. Nevertheless, a fear remains that many of Hitler's villains may go scot-free.* Under the German penal code, the statute of limitation for murder runs out after 20 years. That means that no further prosecution of Nazi killers can be instituted after May 8, 1965, or 20 years after V-E day, the first date on which prosecutions were theoretically possible. What seems unusual to U.S. lawyers is that West Germany has a statute of limitations with regard to murder (it is based



FRANKFURT COURT VISITING AUSCHWITZ
How to punish without bending the law.

* Since 1945, German courts have investigated 30,000 accused Nazis, prosecuted 12,882, imprisoned 5,243, sentenced 76 to life imprisonment and twelve to death (the death sentence was abolished in 1949). More than 700 prosecutions are now under way. During the occupation, Allied military courts prosecuted 5,025 Nazi criminals, condemned 486 to death. Russia imposed an estimated 10,000 sentences on German war criminals.



WILSON & LABORITES AT PARTY CONFERENCE
How to keep that old Red flag flying.

on a German penal code dating back to 1871).

Dr. Nahum Goldman, president of the World Jewish Congress, complains that there are still "warehouses full" of unexamined Nazi documents. Lawyer Robert Kempner, who was a U.S. prosecutor at the Nuremberg trials points out that the Nazi killers of 4,000 Roman Catholic priests have not yet been brought to trial. The Communists may well be withholding evidence about Nazi criminals in order to embarrass West Germany, once the statute of limitations expires.

In a joint resolution, West Germany's ruling Christian Democrats and the opposition Socialists called on Justice Minister Ewald Bucher to report whether or not the statute should be extended by a constitutional amendment.

Pulled Switches. The problem has been hotly argued. Like the U.S. Constitution, West Germany's constitution bans ex post facto laws—typically, laws passed to render an act punishable in a manner in which it was not punishable before. The Justice Ministry holds that extension of the statute of limitations would be just such a law. Some German jurists disagree; they say that extension is perfectly legal if it covers all defendants, not merely Nazis. But the goal would still be Nazis, and the Justice Ministry sees this as unconstitutional discrimination.

While still eager to catch big fish as Martin Bormann, Hitler's top deputy, and Heinrich Müller, a boss of the Gestapo, who are repeatedly rumored to be alive in hiding, Bonn claims that an extension of the statute would mainly net unimportant minnows at home, and overburden prosecutors who find it harder and harder to prove specific charges after 20 years. As one official puts it: "If you want to bring to court every railroad man who pulled the switches at Auschwitz, knowing that the trains were carrying Jews to their deaths, there will be no end to the number of people involved in Nazi crimes."

GREAT BRITAIN

Benefit of the Doubt

The British Labor Party's official song is more auld hat than *Auld Lang Syne*. At the party's annual conference in Brighton last week, the leaders as usual linked hands on the platform and (to the tune known in the U.S. as *Maryland, My Maryland*) chanted the quaint lyrics:

*The People's Flag is deepest red,
It shrouded oft our martyred dead . . .*

There were no Socialist martyrs at Brighton, but Prime Minister Harold Wilson, just back from Washington, had a hard time keeping that old Red Flag flying and showing just the right hue. Wilson's major troubles are two: 1) the continuing, alarming economic crisis, and 2) opposition from his own left, or deep-red wing.

Master Sinner. In deference to Labor's unilateralist disarmers, Wilson had pledged that, once in office, he would not only scrap Britain's independent deterrent but also oppose the U.S.-backed multi-lateral force. However, in his talks with President Johnson in Washington, he had, in fact, not so much opposed M.L.F. as proposed a way of enlarging and diluting it. In reporting on his talks to the party conference, Wilson hedged: he had not committed Britain to M.L.F., he said, and had entirely "reserved" his position. This was patently less than the whole truth, but enough to mollify Labor's dissidents for the time being. Raspered militant Left-Winger Ian Mikardo: "We are giving the government the benefit of any doubts which exist—but that is not the same as saying there is no doubt."

In Parliament later, Wilson unveiled the proposed ingredients of his suggested Atlantic Nuclear Force: most of Britain's aging V-bombers; the four or five Polaris submarines Britain is building with U.S. assistance; and even some mixed manning, but—hopefully—not on surface vessels, "the least desirable" solution. Wilson suggested that the U.S.

add a like number of its own submarines. He would also like to include some U.S.-based intercontinental Minuteman missiles and West Germany-based Pershing short-range missiles, both to be mix-manned. German influence would be much less than in the original M.L.F., a welcome feature to the anti-German left wing. The whole setup would be commanded by a vague "single authority," in which all member nations would have a veto.

In the House of Commons, Opposition Leader Sir Alec Douglas-Home sharply pointed out the schizophrenia of Wilson's position: "If ownership of nuclear weapons is a sin, we do not gain absolution by appointing a master sinner to deploy the weapons for us, or by joining a syndicate which deals in these weapons." Home added that with "eight or nine fingers on the safety catch, the force would be almost totally incredible as a deterrent."

Sugared Pill. Wilson won a grudging vote of confidence on defense policy, but he faced worse domestic issues. Despite promises of swift progress toward a just, efficient society, Labor's New Jerusalem seemed dishearteningly remote. When pledged pension boosts had to be postponed until spring, Wilson blamed the aftereffects of Tory red tape. Last week Minister for Economic Affairs George Brown flatly contradicted that version, confessed that he had vetoed the increases because Britain simply could not afford them at present. Most of Labor's other campaign promises were imperiled by a continuing ebb of confidence in the pound (see *WORLD BUSINESS*) that forced the government to postpone repayment of \$187.6 million due on U.S.-Canadian loans.

Wilson announced that Soviet Premier Aleksei Kosygin will visit Britain early next year on his first Western trip since taking power in October. Wilson himself plans to go to Moscow. But international ambitions will hardly keep Labor's Red flag flying if in the meantime Britain goes bankrupt.

PAKISTAN

Trouble with Mother

"They call her the Mother of the Nation," sniffed Pakistan's President Mohammed Ayub Khan. "Then she should at least behave like a mother." What upset Ayub was that Fatima Jinnah looked so good in pants. The more she upbraided Ayub, the louder Pakistanis cheered the frail figure in her *shalwar* (baggy white silk trousers). By last week, with Pakistan's first presidential election only a fortnight away, opposition to Ayub had reached a pitch unequaled in his six years of autocratic rule.

The Big Stick. White-haired Miss Jinnah, 71, the candidate of five ragtag and usually disunited opposition parties,



CANDIDATE JINNAH

The opposition looked good in pants.

was picked mainly because she was the sister and confidante of the late revered Mohammed Ali Jinnah, father of his nation's independence. But Pakistan's response to her razor-tongued attacks on Ayub's highhanded ways has surprised and shocked the government. Students throughout the nation staged angry protest marches against the regime, and at least one demonstrator was killed by police in Karachi. **DOWN WITH THE AYUB DICTATORSHIP,** cried posters in the East Pakistan city of Dacca, where students enthusiastically proclaimed Miss Fatima Jinnah Week. In Karachi, Pakistan's biggest city, student unrest prompted the government to close all the schools indefinitely.

Most legal groups in Pakistan have come out for Miss Jinnah, and were denounced by Ayub as "mischiefmongers." In reply, the Karachi Bar Association overwhelmingly adopted a resolution urging "the party in power to get rid of the notion that wisdom, righteousness and patriotism are the monopoly of their yes men." The usually complaisant newspaper editors defied the

regime's attempts to make them endorse a restrictive new press law.

To Ayub's claim that he is trying to develop "basic democracy," Miss Jinnah replied: "What sort of democracy is that? One man's democracy? Fifty persons' democracy?" As for Ayub's charge that the country would revert to chaos if he is defeated, his rival snapped: "You can't have stability through compulsion, force and the big stick."

Running Scored. Actually, Ayub has been a reluctant and benevolent dictator, who has vastly improved the stability of a country that was paralyzed by squabbling politicians before he took over. Considering Pakistan's backwardness and poverty, the Ayub-designed electoral system is not half bad, giving

EDUIG KHAN



CANDIDATE AYUB

the vote to 80,000 middle- and upper-class electors. While that is a tiny percentage in a total population of 110 million, most of those millions are not only illiterate but totally ignorant of political issues. With heavy support in rural areas, where many Moslem electors particularly disapprove of a woman's candidacy and where Ayub's economic reforms have helped more than in the cities, Ayub is still expected to win the election by some 60% of the vote.

Nonetheless, he is running scared, because Candidate Jinnah has managed to focus every form of discontent in the country. To brake her handwagon, he abruptly decreed that elections would be held Jan. 2, instead of March, as originally scheduled. Explaining lamely that the situation is "a little tense," the government also rescinded a law specifying that political rallies must be open to the public.

At closed meetings with groups of electors, Ayub answered practical questions sensibly enough, but kept lashing out at the opposition with growing anger. Countering Miss Jinnah's repeated

charge that he had been unable to restrain the U.S. from helping Pakistan's No. 1 adversary, India, he set out to portray her as pro-Indian and pro-American. Ayub's campaign, in fact, was turning increasingly anti-American.

Though U.S. aid (about \$5 billion since 1951) is vital to the nation's wretched economy, a leading member of Ayub's party cried: "America never was our friend and never could be, because as a nation aligned with the anti-colonial movements, we are at cross-purposes with America." As for Ayub, he plainly regretted ever calling elections in the first place. For after six years of insisting that Pakistanis were not ready for democracy, the campaign had shown that Mohammed Ayub Khan probably isn't either.

HUNGARY

The Limits of Liberalization

Through an assiduous campaign of relative liberalization, Hungarian Communist Boss Janos Kadar hoped to erase the image of a Moscow toady that attached to him after Russia's brutal repression of the 1956 Hungarian revolt. He largely succeeded. In addition to other forms of relaxation, including somewhat freer speech and more permissive economic planning, Kadar seemed inclined to ease up on the church. After 18 months of complex and arduous negotiations with the Vatican, he recently agreed to replenish Hungary's dwindling supply of Roman Catholic priests and permit freer practice of religion. But liberalization can go only so far.

Radio Budapest last week announced the arrest of nine men—including two Jesuit priests—for "justified suspicion of having prepared a plot." Chief among them was Father Laszlo Emodi, who in 1961 had been sentenced to seven years in prison for organizing religious instruction for children, but was set free last year in a general amnesty. Two days after the Radio Budapest announcement, the Hungarian Supreme Court sentenced five more persons to jail for "conspiracy against the state and organizing an illegal party."

Hardest hit (with a ten-year term) was Dr. Ferenc Matheovicz, 50, one-time leader of the outlawed Democratic People's Party, who has already spent seven years in prison for his democratic political beliefs. The charge this time smacked of the absurd: Matheovicz was planning to restore the Habsburg dynasty, with himself as Premier. There was a more likely explanation, however. Matheovicz has long been a follower of Hungary's Josef Cardinal Mindszenty, who still lives in self-confinement at the U.S. legation in Budapest, despite long-standing rumors that the regime would let him go free. Last week's sentences show that Kadar, despite his easing of religious restrictions, still cannot afford the resurgence of Catholic political influence.



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- ★ This peace is the natural inheritance of all men. It is borne by a dove, the eternal symbol of love, respect and understanding.

- ★ Our world must choose between this peace or the many pieces of earth's destruction. For real peace is only won when we are one with each other.

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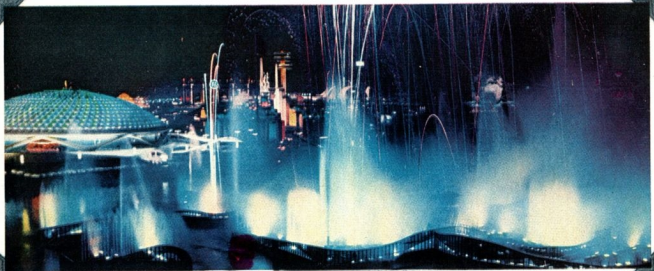
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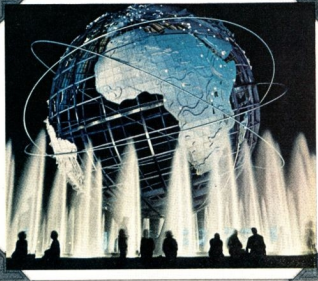
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PEOPLE

Aber natürlich! When Christian Democrats from the city of Bonn convene next month to select their candidate for the 1965 West German Parliamentary elections, they are expected to nominate the freshest whiff of springtime that ever wafted up the Rhine from Cologne: **Konrad Adenauer**, 89. *Der Alte* has been telling cronies that his idea of a hobby for those sunset years would be a back bench of the Bundestag for the term that ends in 1969.

On his feet for Christmas, swore the junior Senator from Massachusetts. And out of New England Baptist Hospital he stiffly strode with his wife Joan. In a



JOAN & TEDDY KENNEDY
Daddy's hour.

bracing (20") Boston breeze, **Teddy Kennedy**, 32, cracked brittle jokes ("I just happen to have with me a speech that I didn't get to make at the Democratic convention in West Springfield last June"), then carefully eased into a convertible for a rootin'-tootin' motorcade to the airport. A commercial jet took him to Miami, and the family *Caroline* on the last leg of his odyssey to his two children in Palm Beach. But all that wasn't quite enough for Teddy Jr., 3, who greeted his father with "Carry me piggyback, Daddy?" "I'm afraid you'll have to wait a while for that," said Daddy with what newsmen gamely reported was a smile.

Nervous about his debut on the Home Service? "Is it likely?" sniffed **Winston Churchill**, 24. "That hardly runs in the family," considering that his famous grandfather gave the BBC some of its finest hours in World War II. Leaving as little as possible to Mendelian chance, young Churchill started off his daily lunchtime news-and-inter-

views half hour by asking his first guest, Veteran Pundit Alistair Cooke, "What tips can you give me?" "If you try to be somebody else," cautioned Cooke, "you're lost." So the fledgling commentator skipped politics next day, and interviewed Humorist Malcolm Muggeridge on the role of sex in American salesmanship.

"It has been a sea of great moments for us all," said the Rev. **Martin Luther King Jr.**, 35, relaxing after a Harlem rally for 8,000 before flying down to say hello to Lyndon Johnson. Perhaps he was recalling his ride along Manhattan's East River drive when harbor fireboats turned on their hoses in an aquatic tribute. But the most emotional moment of the returning Nobel prizewinner's welcome by New York came during his reception at city hall, where King, his wife Coretta and his parents were given a standing ovation by Mayor Robert Wagner, photographers and civil rights leaders. Said Wagner, presenting a Medallion of Honor: "This city has welcomed many world-renowned figures, but I can think of none who has won a more lasting place in the moral epic of America."

With a certain smile, Graduate Girl Novelist **Françoise Sagan**, 29, reported in *McCall's* (which invented togetherness) that the latest thing for a two-time loser in the Paris set, like Françoise herself, is to wear both her outdated wedding rings together. That way, a man can tell she is a "dangerous person to become serious about," while if he persists in chasing a three- or four-ring *femme fatale*, he is really saying *bonjour, tristesse*.

As a boy in Minneapolis, **Jean Paul Getty** wanted a pony and a mastiff dog for his birthday. He didn't get them, but he still likes "simple, childish things." So when friends gathered at Sutton Place, his 72-room shack outside London, to help him celebrate his 72nd birthday, they gave the thrifty billionaire a pencil sharpener, eraser, appointments book, "and one of those brushes, with a long handle, which enable you to brush the back of your jacket properly." The biggest hit of the day were three portraits of himself, taken by Ottawa's Yousuf Karsh, that he had ordered months ago. "I'm hard to photograph, but he made me look almost human," blushed Getty.

Though the Secret Service men camped in the basement rumpus room find it cramped, **Muriel Humphrey**, 52, doesn't want to move from her eight-room home in Chevy Chase, Md., to one of the mansions that Lyndon Johnson thinks more fitting for a Vice President's family. "There are things around this house that would make it hard to

leave," she explained in her first press conference since the election, proudly pointing out the handprints of her four children (now grown) that are embedded in the cement by the patio.

Anxious officials issued instructions to Bangkok residents to get out in the streets and wave when Japan's Crown Prince Akihito, 30, came for a state visit. But no such advice was needed, since Akihito's Princess Michiko, 30, almost matched King Bhumibol's lovely **Queen Sirikit**, 32, in a Thai tie for looks. "A meeting of the chrysanthemum and the jasmine," murmured one Oriental queen-watcher as the two consorts paraded past, and a baby elephant presented to Michiko found her so tasty that he nibbled not only the sugar cane



MICHIKO & SIRIKIT
Matching flowers.

she gave him but her wrist as well. Prince Akihito, meanwhile, being an amateur marine biologist, sneaked off to the fish market for specimens.

Sherlock Holmes puffed at his meerschaum. "Extraordinary, my dear Watson," he mused. "When Arthur Conan Doyle took down *The Adventures of the Greek Interpreter* from your notes in 1893, he thought his tales about us merely a device to raise funds so he could devote himself to serious literature. We may surmise that he tucked the published manuscript in a child's notebook while visiting friends, and, being notoriously absent-minded, never missed it. Yet strange indeed are the ways of taste. His serious novels are all but forgotten, while Sir Arthur's surviving son, Adrian Conan Doyle, is wealthy enough by virtue of the royalties my cases still engender in 40 languages (and on that remarkable invention, television) to pay \$12,600 at a London auction to buy the Greek manuscript from—dear me!—an American."

EDUCATION

UNIVERSITIES

The Climate at Berkeley

To mutinous students at the Berkeley campus, the University of California's board of regents last week "reconfirmed" itself as the "ultimate authority for student discipline," and then moved in the direction of granting the major student demand.

President Clark Kerr opened the meeting in the paneled Regents' Room of the University's Los Angeles campus with a long report on such scholarly research as treatment for fruit canker and survival of the condor. Finally, he

Two-Time Winners

Getting a gift of several million dollars "won't make your life any happier," the Ford Foundation's James W. Armsey warns panting university officials. Though the money "is comforting to contemplate, the new level of excellence the grants are designed to help you reach is disturbing and disruptive to achieve." Since 1960, the foundation has generously disrupted ten universities and 47 private liberal arts colleges with gifts amounting to \$200 million. Last week Ford raised the total by \$18.5 million, awarded matching

JULIAN WASSER



KERR, BROWN (IN DARK-RIMMED GLASSES) & CARTER AT REGENTS' MEETING

The canker of the fruit, the survival of the condor, and the behavior of the student.

brought up the subjects that had summoned Governor Pat Brown from Sacramento and newsmen from all over the state. Should the 23 regents under Chairman Edward Carter accept a demand, supported by Berkeley students and faculty, that a committee of professors henceforth pass judgment in student discipline cases? And should the university abandon its regents-conferred right to add its own punishment to any given out by courts to students arrested for illegal action—typically for civil rights demonstrations?

The regents rejected the first proposal by insisting that discipline must remain primarily up to the university administration and ultimately the regents. On the issue of political protests, the regents named a three-member committee to investigate and report next spring. Its instructions are to review university policy "with the intent of providing maximum freedom," including free-speech and due-process protection guaranteed by the Constitution.

One regent summed up the climate of opinion. "Trying to determine what kind of student activity is legal was an ill-conceived stand in the first place," he said. "In the end you have to let the courts decide what is lawful."

grants to Brown, Brandeis, and the University of Southern California.

Each school must match the payment within three years—by raising \$2 for every \$1 of philanthropy in the case of Brown and \$3 for every \$1 in the case of richer U.S.C. and Brandeis. The rules were familiar. The trio had played the match game before, thus joining a select circle of two-time Ford grant winners.*

► Brown, the seventh oldest college in the U.S., earmarked most of its \$5,000,000 for construction. Buildings planned or under way range from a graduate-study center and humanities building to a new field house, swimming pool and dining hall for Brown's sister school Pembroke. The gift, said Brown President Barnaby C. Keeney, "is an important event at the beginning of our third century."

► U.S.C., which shares the record with Brandeis for matching its earlier grant about two years ahead of schedule, used that money to polish a new reputation for nurturing scholarship as well as football heroes. The administration established cash awards for outstanding teaching and research, revamped

the liberal-arts and graduate curricula. U.S.C. will invest its new Ford grant of \$7,500,000 in long-term endowments, use matching funds for current operations and plant expansion.

► Fast-growing Brandeis, having put up more than 50 major buildings in 16 years, will slow down the rate of new construction. Almost all of its \$6,000,000 from Ford will go toward scholarships, fellowships, and endowments for more than 30 faculty chairs (average endowment: \$400,000). "Here we are—a teen-ager among the university giants," said President Abram L. Sachar, "and we had better be good to warrant going steady with the best." With the latest gift, he added, "we will secure virtually all our tenured professorships in one fell swoop. This will make academic history."

TEACHING

New Views on Grades

Schools use the word grade in two quite different senses: as a chronological measurement of class levels and as a mark of student performance. By coincidence, there is now a small but growing trend to drop grades—in both senses. One out of four large-sized school-districts combines first, second and third grades into a single primary unit. Children learn at their own fast or slow pace without competing to hurdle the artificial barrier of promotion, and the only mark they get is the deliberately vague judgment of "satisfactory" or "unsatisfactory."

Detroit public schools next term will try a new kind of ungradedness. Kindergarten and first grade will be combined, and a bit later the second grade will be added to the mix. Most children will remain in the big non-grade for three years before entering conventional third grade, but the new flexibility will allow some pupils to finish in two years while requiring others to take four.

High schools, while not tempted to eliminate grades as year levels, are under pressure to eliminate grades as marks. New York's influential and reform-minded Public Education Association argues that in some cases marks spur bright, college-bound students to take easy courses just to inflate their academic record.

Colleges are also getting leary of grades-are-everything competition. The first major school to act is California Institute of Technology, which last week eliminated "freshman grades. Caltech's ferociously smart freshmen will still take exams and do graded homework assignments, but at the end of the freshman year students will simply pass or fail. With grades "unattainable," Faculty Chairman Ernest H. Swift hopes that freshmen "will find it easier to concentrate on the content of their course. This, in turn, may enable them to make more sensible choices as to the investment of their time and energy."

* Others: Johns Hopkins, Notre Dame.



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His job is to show industry how to fight fire with fire.

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SCIENCE

RADIOGRAPHY

X Rays for Engine Innards

Every month, Eastern Air Lines had been stripping down, inspecting, and putting back together some 90 of the jet engines that power its planes—a five-day, \$500 procedure for each engine. Now the price of that safety precaution is being reduced rapidly; Eastern has turned to atomic energy to check its engines' hidden parts. Like doctors examining a patient's bones and internal organs with X rays, mechanics are using radioisotopes to make internal engine pictures without taking the engines apart.

The technique was first used for examining welds and joints in everything from bridges to nuclear submarines. Then Technical Operations, Inc. of Burlington, Mass. helped Eastern solve the problem of getting radiographic equipment into the hollow rotor shaft of jet engines by using a 100-curie capsule of iridium 192 that is as small as a pencil eraser but emits gamma radiation powerful enough to pierce the engine's metal innards.

The tiny radiation source is cranked 6 ft. into the shaft. A strip of industrial X-ray film wound around the engine is bombarded by the gamma rays streaming out from the isotope. The result is a detailed X-ray photograph of the hundreds of tough-to-get-at rotor blades that suck air into the engine, compress it and feed it to the combustion chambers.

What isotopic inspection does best is provide a clear picture of the rotor blades deepest inside the engine. These blades are the first to loosen and break free, and when this happens it may mean a complete engine overhaul at a price of \$25,000 or more. "Using the isotopic inspection method," says Eastern's System Director of Quality Control Jason Koesy, "we've already caught 14 rotor blades that had begun to work their way loose." Isotopic inspection, which costs as little as five hours and \$20 per engine, has already saved Eastern more than \$70,000 in maintenance costs. Other airlines are beginning to follow suit.

CHEMISTRY

Fireproofing from the Dead Sea

High on the list of Israel's slim supply of natural resources are the brains of its scientists and the chemicals such as bromine that can be extracted from the Dead Sea. Making use of both resources, Chemist Menahem Lewin has developed a wood-fireproofing process that may create a new world market for Israeli bromine.

Bubbles & Salts. There are two conventional ways of fireproofing wood and wood products, including paper and fiberboard. One is to coat them thickly

with paint that releases carbon dioxide when heated and forms a layer of protective bubbles. This process serves satisfactorily for mild fires, but the bubble layer cannot resist intense or prolonged heat. The other system is to impregnate wood with various salts, but this weakens the wood and adds as much as 25% to its weight.

Bromine has long been known for its fireproofing qualities, but if it combines with wood's cellulose fibers, it weakens them seriously. Dr. Lewin's process gets around this disadvantage by forcing the bromine to attach itself to the wood's lignin, the cement that causes the fibers to stick to each other. The best grades of paper have no lignin, but the types of wood pulp used to make paperboard and wallboard retain enough of it to make Dr. Lewin's process useful.

Pulp & Chlorine. To brominate wood pulp, Dr. Lewin simply adds sodium bromide, which is as stable as table salt, to the solution in a standard bleaching apparatus, then bubbles chlorine through it. The combination of chemicals releases active bromine in a

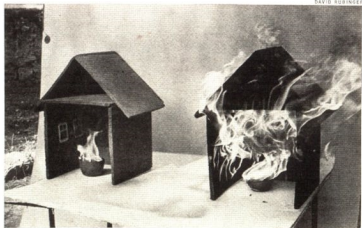
form that attaches itself to the lignin in the pulp. Treating solid wood is a more complicated process, but the results are spectacular. When a piece of brominated wood is put in a hot fire, it does not burn. After a while, a layer of carbon forms on its surface, but carbonization stops as soon as the wood is taken out of the fire. Any structure of brominated wood or wood products is safe from fire unless it is stuffed with highly combustible contents. "We could fireproof Japan," says Dr. Lewin, who sees no reason for false modesty about his achievement.

For all his studies, Dr. Lewin does not yet know in detail how bromine fireproofing works, but in general the action is connected with the way that wood burns. When heat is applied to natural lignin and cellulose, they give off combustible gases that form flames and spread the fire by heating more wood. Somehow, bromine seems to make those gases nonflammable. And with no flames to spread it, combustion stops as soon as the external heat source, such as a lighted match, is removed.



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BROMINATED WOOD (LEFT) RESISTING FLAME IN TEST

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MODERN LIVING

CUSTOMS

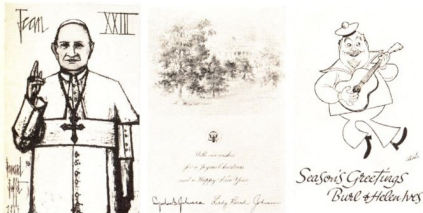
In the Cards

In their several ways, from their several stations, and to a multiplicity of mailing lists, the nation's famous and its merely notorious dealt with that common joy-become-chore of the season: choosing and dispatching a Christmas card.

Boston's Richard Cardinal Cushing sent the biggest, a 22-in. by 35-in. reproduction of a portrait of Pope John XXIII by Paris' Bernard Buffet; Theologian Paul Tillich the longest, a two-page personal letter. Postmaster General John Gronouski got his 2,000 cards out

servatory Hill, or a black and white print of a watercolor featuring two oak trees, two girls and two dogs, of the Johnson place on Pennsylvania Avenue.

In the Barn. But the most popular theme by far was the Family. Jerry Lewis bundled his wife and six sons into bright red sweaters; the Robert Kennedys dressed their eight in nightgowns and photographed the assembly in the barn. Debbie Reynolds and group were backed by Santa, Jimmy Stewart and children by a Sun Valley snow scene. Walt Disney didn't stop at one generation, issued an eight-page, red-suede and gold-tasseled folio bearing 17 pictures of "Grandma and Grand-



1964 CHRISTMAS GREETINGS: CARDINAL CUSHING'S AT LEFT
Personal portrait and a champagne invitation.

early, remembered to zip-code each and every one. Georgia's Governor Carl Sanders, who had bucked voter opinion to back Johnson, discovered too late that the etching of the Governor's mansion had been tampered with—the name Goldwater was scratched in amongst branches of an overhanging tree.

On Observatory Hill, Barbra Streisand, Doris Day and George Burns stuck to traditional toys, trees and reindeer, avoided writer's cramp by having their signatures engraved within. Playwright Edward Albee, who selected a 16th century woodcut, signed his cards by hand, as did New York Herald Tribune Publisher John H. Whitney, Newsman Chet Huntley and Actress Joan Crawford. Hedda Hopper was even more personal about it all, sent cards bearing her own portrait. Mother Jolie Gabor sent photographs of herself and her daughters, included a lengthy message: "Come and have a glass of champagne with me at my fabulous pearl salon . . . my charming girls will be more than happy to give you ideas on how to get or give a glamorous Christmas present from \$5 to \$5,000."

The Home was a favorite motif, whether it was a photograph of Chief of Naval Operations Admiral David L. McDonald's official residence on Ob-

pa Lilly and Walt" (aged, respectively, four and eight when photographed), plus children and grandchildren.

Versatile Peter Ustinov sent a hand-drawn cartoon of his family, Director Elia Kazan a hard-cover copy of his late wife's poem in honor of President Kennedy, and Burl Ives went so far as to enclose with his card a sermon by the Dean of Duke University Chapel, entitled "Bethlehem and Bedlam." But along with all the frankincense and myrrh was an ever increasing band of Scrooges—Walter Cronkite, David Brinkley and Earl Warren among them—who continued to cry humbug to the greeting game and sent no cards at all.

New Look in Longhand

In the good old days when illiteracy was the normal human condition, handwriting was something to be proud of—and looked it. The Declaration of Independence was signed with grace and style, but if John Hancock could see the dim and squiggly john hancocks of Americans today, he might be discouraged about the future of democracy.

Invitation to Flourish. The fine art of handwriting began to splutter into decline with the invention of the fountain pen. In order to hold enough ink, it was a fat, heavy, unwieldy instrument,



BALLPOINT (ABOVE) & FIBER

Broader writing and bolder thinking.

calculated to muscle-bind the most graceful hand. To make a smaller pen feasible, the manufacturers reduced ink flow by tightening up the nibs—thereby eliminating calligraphy's swinging thick and thins. The end came late in World War II, when a U.S. quartermaster, looking for a pen that would not leak at high altitudes, discovered the ballpoint and ordered millions. At low altitude, ballpoints also had the advantage of being able to forge through vast amounts of carbon paper—a favorite war material of the armed forces.

The ballpoint not only makes writing a bore and calligraphy impossible, but shows up every early morning tremor. Today, though, the art of handwriting is exuberantly on its way back. The reason is a new kind of pen with a point of chemically treated fiber or nylon, through which the ink flows in broad, brushlike strokes at the lightest pressure—an invitation to arabesque and flourish that the ballpoint never knows.

The Rebellion. The fiber-tipped pens are the hottest counter-top item in years. In Japan, where most of them are made, some 30 companies are turning them out at a clip of more than 500,000 a day and falling behind the demand. The most popular is the 49¢ Pentel, made by the Japan Stationery Co. Ltd.—an old Tokyo company which once specialized in making *fude* (pronounced fooday), the brush that was the traditional Japanese writing instrument.

U.S. manufacturers have rushed in to capitalize on the new look in longhand. Esterbrook brought out a fine-pointed felt-tip pen last January, and in June went so far as to adapt its regular cartridge-fueled pen to a nylon-nibbed version with replaceable point called the Wonder-riter. Other major U.S. pen-makers have kept to disposable versions like the Japanese, at about the same 50¢ price. No advertising seems to be necessary. "We just keep ordering more and more, and we're usually out of them," says Gladys Slavitz, co-owner of the Beverly Stationers in Beverly Hills.

President Johnson orders them by the gross, mainly to autograph photographs. Actress Joan Fontaine uses them for everything, as does Vogue's Managing Editor Diana Vreeland, and many another executive large and small. Said one of them last week: "I'm not only writing bolder—I'm thinking bolder."

NIGHTCLUBS

In Old Morocco

To a right-thinking person, an eminent clergyman has said, the place most like Heaven is a crowded streetcar. By these standards, the opening of Manhattan's new El Morocco last week was crowded enough to be Paradise, but with not quite the same crowd that the clergyman had in mind. Seined, sheathed and chinchillaed, they made up such a jam of international jetties that there was scarcely room for another square-cut diamond. There wasn't room, in fact, for Princess Lee Radziwill to get in the door; the bigger Begum Aga Khan managed it, but she had to have a table set for her on a landing of the stairs.

The Maharani of Baroda's guest list included both outdoor Americans, such as Ceezee Guest and Wendy Vanderbilt, and indoor Europeans, such as Count Vega del Ren and the Baron de Rede. Mary and Sonny Whitney dropped by on their way up from their place in Lexington, Ky. (horses), to their place in the Adirondacks (hunting). Prince Paul of Yugoslavia and Princess Maria Pia, the Porfirio Rubirosas, and the Fiat-fortunate Gianni Agnelli were on hand. Onetime silent screen star Hope Hampton, who has been making opening-night scenes as long as most people can remember, was there in \$3,000 worth of white beads; Mrs. F. Raymond Johnson, whose husband is a Revlon vice president, wore her gold, green and blue sequins on her eyelids; Maxine Leeb (who got married there last June) turned up in a bodice of bird breasts; Mrs. Huntington Hartford, a shy ex-model, all but hid her light under a bushel of ostrich feathers; and Senator (for a few days more) Kenneth Keating wore his well-known white-on-white hair.

Undercover Activities. What were they all doing there? Casing the joint. For zebraed old "Elmo's," Manhattan's choicest dance-and-supper spot from the early '30s until the death of Proprietor John Perona in 1961, was opening under new management.

The new management's name is John Mills, and he is big: 6 ft. 4 in. and 250 lbs. He is also big in the nightclub business, being proprietor of London's most successful version of the El Morocco formula: Les Ambassadeurs, with its subsidiary *discothèque* called The Garrison and its gambling room called Le Cercle. Almost everyone Mills asked advised him not to buy Morocco, which had been falling off since John Perona died and his son Edwin moved the whole place two blocks farther east. And the rise of *discothèques* such as Le Club, Shepheard's and Il Mio had diverted the patronage of the restless junior jets. But on the basis of his London record, it could be presumed that Mills knew what he was doing.

On the basis of his early history, no one could have seemed less likely to become a master manipulator of the smart set. Born 50 years ago in Warsaw into a wealthy Polish family, he was educated in Switzerland and Belgium, where he ran a family-owned cigarette factory. At 21 he was heavy-weight amateur boxing champion of Europe. When World War II broke out, he joined the Polish army in France, did time in prison camps, escaped, and eventually found himself under orders from Polish intelligence. When he managed to smuggle himself to London, Intelligence arranged for him to open a Polish officers' club.

The food and service were so good that more and more British and Americans began to cultivate Polish friends in order to be invited there. In 1944 Mills bought the exuberantly Victorian mansion just off Park Lane built by Banker Leopold de Rothschild and started a restaurant called Les Ambassadeurs. He operated it as a club, as most London nightspots are because of drinking-hours regulations, made membership available to nearly anyone with an air of urbanity and \$30 as initiation fee, payable at the door. Its 10,000 members now include the Duke of Edinburgh, Sir Winston Churchill, the Sheik of Kuwait and Cary Grant. The place exudes an atmos-

phere of luxury, with its heavy carpets, dark brocades and carved woodwork.

Drums for Tables. John Mills plans to base himself permanently in Manhattan, leaving his even bigger son Robert, 6 ft. 8 in., to run the London end of things. His changes in El Morocco will not disturb old Moroccans' sense of security—the white rubber palms with plastic banana leaves still loom against the royal blue star-strewn sky, the zebra-striped banquettes still make the locale of every photographed celebrity instantly recognizable.

But a notable change has been made. Push through a pantry and you are in a replica of London's Garrison—hot red walls, Wellingtonian scones, military drums for tables, and real plastic flowers sprouting from the ceiling. Here the young and not so young swingers may Frug, Watutsi, Swim—or just twitch—while an intellectual-looking French disque jockesse spins the 45s.

Presiding over this pleasure dome last week, Kublai Khan Mills was beginning to feel that everything was once again coming up roses. The Begum was using his Rolls-Royce, an oilman had borrowed his Bentley, and all seemed right with the world. The world, that is, of what Mills likes to call VIPs (Very Important People Indeed). "I think we've made it," said Big John Mills. "Now where are we going to put the sauna?"



WENDY VANDERBILT & MILLS



MRS. JOHNSON



KEATING ON DANCE FLOOR



THE CROWD AT ELMO'S OPENING

Zebra stripes and real plastic flowers.

SHOW BUSINESS

REPERTORY THEATER

After the Fall

The concept of the repertory company is several thousand years older than Shakespeare: a troupe of actors who can perform in any of a dozen or more plays. By contrast with the one-shot, bolfo-or-busto standards of commercial Broadway, the dream of the modern rep company is to produce plays that have merit in dramatic literature but only moderate box-office potential, to try out experimental plays and at the same time serve as a living library of the great classic plays of the past, to take green actors and train them to maturity in roles of all sizes, ages and centuries.

The most ambitious effort in the U.S. to date has been Manhattan's Lincoln Center Repertory Theater, playing for the past year in a temporary Greenwich Village theater and scheduled to move into the Lincoln Center complex next fall. Last week the dream had all but ended. Director Robert Whitehead had been forced out of his job; Director Elia Kazan had followed suit and resigned; and Arthur Miller, the rep company's principal playwright, had given up his association with the theater.

Compounded Errors. What had happened? Critics doubted that the trouble was money. There had been deficits, but they were less than the deficits that had been expected and budgeted. Nor was the massive head-losing merely a power struggle within Lincoln Center's family of music, dance, opera and theater. Guilty of some miserable productions, the repertory theater had been ultimately damned by its successes; the company that had been created to help revitalize the New York theater has succeeded only in imitating what is already there. News pictures of Miller and Kazan sweating out the "death watch" for daily reviews after an opening illustrated how far they never got from Broadway.

The Lincoln Center rep company began compounding its errors from the outset. When it was set up nearly five years ago, the directors' first move was to go for Broadway brand names and select two of the best: Whitehead, producer of *Bus Stop* among other things, and Kazan, one of Broadway's most celebrated directors, who staged *A Streetcar Named Desire* and *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*. Arthur Miller, after eight years of silence as a playwright, offered his services, which at the time may have appeared to be a dividend.

Miller Showcase. Demonstrating their Broadway orientation, Elia Kazan and Whitehead selected Miller's *After the Fall* as their first production. Whatever one thinks of the play, the one thing one can assuredly say is that no Broadway producer would have turned it down. A distinct timidity about striking

out to new, non-Broadway frontiers was thus apparent at the beginning. The second choice, Eugene O'Neill's *Marco Millions*, served mainly to display the panoramic flexibility of the Washington Square stage, a genuflection to physical plant rather than inner spirit. The third selection, S. N. Behrman's *But For Whom Charlie*, was like buying Broadway goods at a fire sale; Behrman is now 71 years old, and *Charlie* is, in fact, an old man's play, a drawing-room harangue about a great deal in the contemporary world that Behrman finds most offensive.

This season the rep company began with its worst fiasco yet, a revival of *The Changeling* that revealed just how inept the company, as presently assembled, is. For example, Actress Barbara Loden, who seemed to be a remarkable



KAZAN & MILLER ON STAGE
Broadway goods at a fire sale.

find as Marilyn Monroe in *After the Fall*, turned out to be embarrassingly like what one would expect Marilyn to have been if she had ever played Dostoevsky, as she was forever hoping to. And with *Incident at Vichy*—Arthur Miller's new hit—things came full circle. Thus, approximately one year after its opening, Lincoln Center has served as little more than a showcase for Miller, an established Broadway talent.

A curious final irony is that while the Lincoln Center rep group has been failing so clamorously, a repertory company has quietly come to the city's Phoenix Theater that is everything the Lincoln Center group might aspire to be. Called the Association of Producing Artists, it germinated as a professional acting company touring the provinces, now alternates between the University of Michigan and Manhattan. Its current production of Shaw's *Man and Superman* is exquisitely performed, brilliantly thought out, and acted with a thoroughgoing ensemble spirit. A.P.A. took

five years to reach its present perfection; Lincoln Center apparently perfected its own repertory company to rise full-grown like Athena from the brow of Zeus.

ACTRESSES

"Our Eyes Have Fingers"

From New York to Puerto Vallarta to Big Sur to Paris, *LIFE* Magazine Reporter Richard Meryman Jr. traveled with Elizabeth Taylor, tape-recording her story in automobiles, hotels, restaurants. From nearly 40 hours of tape came a 6,000-word first-person article, published last week in *LIFE*. Some passages from her apology:

"I'm not a 'sex queen' or a 'sex symbol,'" said Taylor. "I don't think I want to be one. Sex symbol kind of suggests bathrooms in hotels or something. I do know I'm a movie star and I like being a woman, and I think sex is absolutely gorgeous. But as far as a sex goddess, I don't worry myself that way. . . . Richard is a very sexy man. He's got that sort of jungle essence that one can sense. . . . When we look at each other, it's like our eyes have fingers and they grab hold. . . . I think I ended up being the scarlet woman because of my rather puritanical upbringing and beliefs. I couldn't just have a romance. It had to be a marriage. . . ."

First husband was Nicky Hilton: "I got married at barely 18. I really did think that being married would be like living in a little white cottage with a picket fence and roses." No. 2 was Michael Wilding, "who was much older than I was." No. 3 was Mike Todd, "a marvelous man. He had a joy, a vitality that was so contagious, so flamboyant. He was a real con artist. He could con the gold out of your teeth." No. 4 was Eddie Fisher: "I really thought for some idiotic reason that Eddie needed me. It turned out all we had in common was Mike."

Cleopatra produced No. 5. "The way I began falling in love with Richard was very funny, really. . . . The first day we were to work together, I've never seen a gentleman so hung over in my whole life. He was kind of quivering from head to foot and there were grog blossoms—you know, from booze—all over his face. He ordered a cup of coffee to sort of still his trembling fits and I had to help it to his mouth, and that just endeared him so to me. I thought, well, he really is human. He was so vulnerable and sweet and shaky. . . ."

"It's so hard to talk about all this," Liz says near the end, "and I'm not sure I should. I have such an ingrained sense of privacy. It sounds like I'm trying to explain myself, justify myself, like most of us do when we make mistakes. And it's so undignified. . . . I have paid and Richard has paid through both of our hearts and our guts. Our brains have bled. . . . I have learned, however, that there's no deodorant like success."



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THE PRESS

REPORTERS

Don't Call Us, We'll Call You

At Washington's Mayflower Hotel, members of the city's Association of Oldest Inhabitants had just finished their 99th anniversary dinner. Suddenly, one of the guests emitted a high-pitched whine. Washington Evening Star Reporter Walter Gold leaped to his feet as if stung and dashed from the room in search of a phone. A few minutes later, the Star's night city editor gave him a message: "Holdup at Big D Liquor Store, 4173 Minnesota Avenue, N.E." With that, Reporter Gold was on his way to the store.

Gold's unsettling whine had come from a tiny radio receiver hooked to his belt. Until he began wearing it, the Star's only general assignment night reporter had to call in to his paper every half hour. Now, when a story breaks, Night City Editor John Koepek dials a seven-digit number on the phone, hears a recorded voice say: "Thank you. Your Bellboy party will be signaled." In a matter of seconds, Gold's midriff radio, dubbed Bellboy by its manufacturer, Western Electric, sounds off. Unless Gold stops it by pushing a button, it will keep on keening for eight hours, or until the battery runs down.

Some 6,000 Bellboys are already in use—mainly by doctors. There are 1,500 receivers in Washington alone, but Walter Gold is the only Star reporter so equipped. Anyone within some 16 miles of him can dial his number—which is one reason why Gold keeps that number a secret between him and Koepek. Both men find it extremely useful. Not long ago, the Bellboy's shrill signal sent Reporter Gold to the nearest telephone for this command from Editor Koepek: "When you come in, bring me a hot pastrami on rye."



REPORTER GOLD
High whines.

COLUMNISTS

The Man Who Doesn't Take Sides

No Los Angeles Times reader can reasonably complain that the paper does not try to satisfy his appetite for political discussion. Its pages harbor a host of 20 political pundits—something for every taste, from the liberalism of Walter Lippmann and Joe Alsop to the conservatism of David Lawrence and William Buckley. But despite the over-supply of syndicated wares, for an overwhelming number of Times readers the favorite political columnist is a native son, Bill Henry, 74, who has spent a quarter-century at the business without turning into a pundit, or even wanting to become one.

"I don't have any causes," says Henry. "I don't advocate anything. I'm not an expert on anything. I'm just a square." Although his column, "By the Way," is focused on the political scene, it also reflects its author's interest in such nonpolitical affairs as aviation, sports, and the theater. And on any subject, Henry simply reports; he seldom takes sides. On "By the Way's" silver anniversary this month, Henry recalled the advice he got, and ignored, when the column began. "Most of it," he wrote, "suggested doing something for which I had no qualifications, such as doing an ivory-tower double-think."

"Corns & Hangnails." Without half trying, Henry could have let the column mirror his pride in his intimate involvement with the important people and the important events of his time. Early in World War II, he was in London as a foreign correspondent for the Times when the liner *Athenia* was sunk off Ireland with the loss of 30 American lives. Through the U.S. Ambassador to the Court of St. James's, "Old Joe Kennedy, who was a friend of mine," Henry wangled his way to the scene. He recalls now that "Jack and I used to kid about it quite a bit in Washington."

The big names and the big times roll off his tongue, but seldom from his typewriter. The product is always unembellished reportage. "He's not the iceberg type," says a fellow Times staffer, "the kind who hints that seven-eighths of what he knows can't be printed. He covers Washington much as an old city-hall reporter covered city hall."

Rather than weigh the comparative merits of U.S. Presidents he has known, Henry simply nominates them all for membership in the human race. "Presidents are just people," he has written. "They have corns and hangnails and colds in the head and indigestion like other folks." This relaxed approach contrasts sharply with the omniscient gravity so common in political columns.

Unaccustomed Leisure. Little in the background of William Mellors Henry, as he is never called, suggests a career as an impartial political columnist. His



TIMES COLUMNIST HENRY
No icebergs.

father was a globe-trotting Baptist evangelist, and the boy got his schooling in far places: London, Sydney, Lausanne and Piqua, Ohio, to name but a few of the way stations on Father Henry's route. Bill Henry finished his education in 1912 with a B.A. from Occidental College in Los Angeles and joined the sports staff of the Los Angeles Times.

In turn, Henry was the Times's first Sunday editor, an early movie columnist, automotive reporter, aeronautical expert. As a radio announcer he covered national political conventions and the Olympic games. In 1939, when a Times columnist, the late E. V. Durling, defected to another paper, Henry was summoned home from his job as foreign correspondent, and his columnar career began.

Better Starvation Than Ham. For 15 years, until his long-suffering wife Corinne objected, he produced seven columns every week. Then he dropped back to five and took on TV assignments to occupy this unaccustomed leisure. Such duty does not entirely please him. "All the stuff those Bobsey Twins said," he complained of Huntley and Brinkley's TV coverage of the political conventions, "came from people like me. I'd rather starve to death as a newspaperman than get rich as a ham."

Some Times men are at a loss to explain Columnist Henry's undiminished popularity. "As far as I can tell," says a colleague, "Henry has no redeeming quality—as a columnist, that is. Personally, he's the nicest guy you'd ever want to meet." Times Editor Nick Williams, however, does not share this view. "More than any other person now living," Williams says, "Bill Henry is identified by Times readers with the Times."

"I suppose it's something to get people to read you for 25 years," Henry himself says of his career. "The great danger when you get to my age is that you're famous because of your age. But I write for today and tomorrow, rather than yesterday."

ARCHITECTURE

A Pilgrim's Prize

Q: Mr. Pei, can you tell us what the new Kennedy library will look like?

A: No. All I have is a blank sheet of paper.

Q: There's nothing on that piece of paper?

A: Nothing at all.

Thus, at a press conference given last week by the Kennedy family, Canton-born Architect Ieoh Ming Pei accepted a commission that any architect would have sold his ancestral home to get: designing the John F. Kennedy Memorial Library at Harvard. Says Painter

son, he came to the U.S. for his education, won top grades at M.I.T., and was invited by Walter Gropius to teach architecture at Harvard. After World War II, when Communism cut short his childhood dream of rebuilding his homeland, Pei turned to his adopted land's growing problem—the rejuvenation of the city.

Pei had observed that scheme after scheme to beautify America's topsy-turvy built cities failed because the true client was the real estate entrepreneur rather than the aesthetician. Pei signed on with Manhattan Realtor William Zeckendorf to see if a creative balance could be struck between big deals and good design. The working relationship produced Manhattan's Kips Bay Plaza apartments, Montreal's Place Ville Marie and Denver's Mile High Center. But a decade ago, Pei decided it was time to begin striking out on his own: he became a U.S. citizen and set up his own firm.

No Handstands. It is ironic that the commission for a monument should go to an architect who believes that his colleagues are too often overwhelmed with their own edifice complex. Pei holds that doing a handstand in marble on a street-corner site while ignoring the neighbors is an irresponsible posture for an architect. "What's there must influence what comes later," he says. "But architecture must not do violence to space or to its neighbors." Architects must, he believes, "realize that open space is just as important as the shaft, the pile, the solid masses."

While architecture to Pei is not sculpture to live in, he has won the high regard of his profession for the sensitive disciplined design of his individual buildings. His nine award-winning projects number among them Pittsburgh's Washington Plaza apartments, Honolulu's Pan Pacific Center, and the new National Airlines terminal at New York's Kennedy Airport. Pei's projects circle the world from Formosa's Luce Chapel to city planning in Tel Aviv.

While the Kennedy Memorial Library lacks a fixed site or a solid program, it is typical of Pei that he is beginning with such problems as traffic. "If Coventry Cathedral drew 7,000,000 visitors last year," he muses, "what will our problems be in the Boston-Cambridge area?" Pei approaches his prize project as would a pilgrim—from afar, and questioning every painful decision along the way. He is highly aware that more than \$10 million in pennies and six-figure pledges has been raised for the library by donations from foreign governments, labor unions, and even schoolchildren around the world. The structure must embrace archives, a museum of material from the late President's 1,000 days, and a Harvard-run working institute for political affairs. Until that faith and those facts are firmly set, nothing is likely to appear on blueprint.

A Golden Almanac

Some of the medieval age's greatest treasures are its books of hours, virtually museums within hard covers. These Christian almanacs are crammed with prayers, psalms, and calendars of saints' days. They summarize all that medieval man worshiped and feared, depicted in miniatures wondrous with wildflowers and lavish with gilding. They are the unintentional encyclopedias of their era, and because each is unique, they are almost beyond acquisition.

When such a book does come along, its history is often shrouded in intrigue. Back in 1856, a Paris dealer sold a 193-page manuscript. Dated around 1435, it was recognized by its heraldic symbols as a Book of Hours for Catherine of Cleves, noble daughter of a powerful Dutch duke. For more than a century, no one questioned its completeness. It wound up in 1958 in the Guennol collection, owned by Long Island Investor Alastair B. Martin.

But in early 1963, Frederick B. Adams Jr., 54, director of Manhattan's Pierpont Morgan Library, chanced to find a manuscript from Europe with a title referring to Catherine. It was unmistakably by the same hand as the Guennol version. The library purchased it, and by matching sentence breaks, even stains on the pages, proved conclusively that the two were once one, an uncommonly long Book of Hours illuminated with 157 dazzling miniatures. Joined for an exhibit at the Morgan, the reunited book was clearly the finest Dutch manuscript in existence (see color pages). Now the halves are separate again.

The master who painted the book is unknown, but he had the sharp eye of a jeweler. Details only 1/32 of an inch are revealed by a magnifying glass as ducks floating on a pond. He portrays hell's horrors with shrieking, Bosch-like surrealism, but more divine images receive less than medieval veneration. Christ's birth and infancy are treated with the tenderness of an uncle. The artist took his greatest liberties in the borders of his illuminations. There he imitates a grape arbor's lattice in textiles and lacework, borders a saint with pretzels that were originally baked to imitate hands clasped in prayer, in a secular study of commonplace reality.

This labor was a wedding present for the duchess. At the age of 13, Catherine was married to the neighboring Arnold, Duke of Guelders. In time, she became vain, violent and overweening. Eventually, with her son, she conspired against her husband. But though the manuscript illuminations speak toward a more secular age, they apply medieval alchemy to make gentle nature glitter with lasting fire. The Cleves master was shrewd but also sensitive, and his work can stir souls. Perhaps Catherine herself was the only one not mindful enough of her Book of Hours.



PEI & FRIENDS AT PRESS CONFERENCE
From Coventry, a clue.

William Walton, who, along with Jacqueline Kennedy, served on the selecting committee: "We chose Pei because his work is exciting and expressive, and we felt that he was on the verge of even greater work. He's every architect's second choice—next to themselves."

A man who has avoided headlines while putting his mark on more than 15 U.S. cities, Pei, 47, has won double awards for his dramatic, clean-cut towers and town houses in Philadelphia's Society Hill (TIME, Nov. 6). He is rejuvenating 160 acres of Cleveland, is master planner with vast authority of a \$200 million reconstruction project in Boston, has a say-so in the downtown redevelopments in Los Angeles, Oklahoma City, Providence and Columbus. Winning a Federal Aviation Agency commission, Pei has designed a universal trim, pentagonal control tower now being installed in at least 25 U.S. airports. More than any other architect, Pei is engaged in a vast revamping of the U.S. cityscape.

Big Deals & Good Design. Building has fascinated Pei (pronounced pay) from childhood. A Chinese banker's

ILLUMINATIONS OF DIVINITY



THE NATIVITY is actual size of page
from rarely seen *Book of Hours* designed
for Catherine of Cleves in 15th century.



AT HOME the Virgin weaves and Joseph carpenters while Jesus toddles, but in legend He tells her "I am your solace."



CATHERINE kneels in homage to Virgin and Jesus on opening page of manuscript, a monument in miniature to medieval art.

RELIGION

CHRISTIANITY

The Servant Church

[See Cover]

Behold, I make all things new.

—Revelation 21:5

In Bethlehem of Judea, most probably between 9 and 6 B.C., a son was born to a carpenter of Nazareth and his wife. For 20 centuries men have proclaimed this event to be the turning point in the history of the world—that God mysteriously became man in the lowly person of an itinerant rabbi whose life ended in crucifixion, a death reserved for slaves and rebels, on the orders of a despotic Roman procurator.

Scripture says that Jesus Christ, this carpenter's son, triumphed over death's dominion by his Resurrection, and through his teachings revealed the way to eternal salvation. Thus each year, with Christmas trees and carols, tinsel and toys, his followers commemorate the moving and gentle story of the crib in a Bethlehem stable. It is a celebration of eternity's intersection with time and of Christianity's living faith in the promise of Jesus: "Lo, I am with you always, to the close of the age."

A Pre-Reformation Spirit. For many, the most convincing proof that the promise is being fulfilled rests in the churches that bear Christ's name and pay him homage. Divided and fragmented, they yet remain the most durable of man's institutions—together constituting the "ever-reforming church" that in crisis finds within itself the means of rebirth and renewal. And as in the days of Augustine, Francis and Luther, signs show that a renewal is taking shape in Christianity. "There is a kind of pre-Reformation spirit running through the church today," says the Rev. Don Benedict, director of the experiment-minded Chicago City Missionary Society. "It looks as though Christians of today stand on the threshold of great changes in Christendom," adds the Rev. Roger Lloyd, vice-dean of England's Winchester Cathedral. "The prospect of a new Reformation is clearly in sight."

That reformation is most spectacular in Rome, where the Second Vatican Council has unleashed a passion for *aggiornamento* in the most tradition-encrusted of churches. Catholicism's vitality shows in the new liturgy, and in the zest with which a generation of "open church" priests and laymen are calling for more reforms of outdated rules (clerical celibacy, for example), institutions (the Index of Forbidden Books) and teachings (birth control). The renewal at the Vatican has also had a striking impact on the sister churches: it challenges the Reformation faiths to re-examine how reforming they still are. "The ecumenical breakthrough in Catholicism has changed the climate of the times," says Dean Samuel Miller of Harvard's Divinity School.

To many Protestants, ancient divisions now seem so irrelevant, compared with the need for unity, that the churches of Britain, at a historic conference in Nottingham last September, could confidently set a target date for their organic union in 1980. Catholic-Protestant cooperation, the dream of prophetic scholars a decade ago, is becoming so firmly rooted in parish practice that there is neither surprise nor scandal when Roman Catholics join Episcopalians for a service at Cambridge's Christ Church to celebrate the first Sunday of Advent. Liturgy is also bringing the churches together, as Catholics switch to the vernacular and Protestants increasingly restore ceremony to their services. And the big branches of Christianity more and more make common cause in facing the world: last week the Santa Fe Archdiocese announced that it would join the New Mexico Council of Churches—the first time that a Catholic church ever chose to affiliate with the Protestants and Orthodox in the federated National Council of Churches.

Besides ecumenism, two strong catalytic events are changing the chemistry of Christianity. One is recognition

that the postwar religious revival in U.S. churchgoing was to an important degree a numbers game—a peacetime reflection of foxhole faith. Justifiably, many critics within the churches wondered whether the Sunday-morning crowds indicated much more than conformism born out of fear of "the bomb." Many of these same critics are now analyzing the evidences of a new spirit of Christian responsibility that is transforming many suburban churches, both old neo-Gothic and new fish-shaped. One sign is the number of Christians who form study groups to read the Bible and such avant-garde works as Bishop John Robinson's *Honest to God* and Paul Tillich's *Systematic Theology*. And taking Christianity seriously often leads to grappling with contemporary social problems—most notably, the other catalytic issue, civil rights.

Today, says the Rev. William Schramm of Huguenot Memorial Presbyterian Church in Pelham, N.Y., "the suburb is the most exciting place for a minister to be." In Wilmette, Ill., the First Congregational Church has formed a financial and spiritual partnership with a downtown Chicago parish revived by Don Benedict's Missionary Society. Members of the congregation also welcome underprivileged children from Inner City churches into their homes for



LITURGY OF THE EUCHARIST AT CONCORDIA LUTHERAN CHURCH IN DULUTH
A celebration of eternity's intersection with time.

summer vacations, are working in the community to pass open-occupancy covenants. "We broke the barrier of involvement on race," says the Rev. Hugh Saussy of Holy Innocents' Episcopal Church near Atlanta.

New Pentecost. The spirit of Christian renewal in 1964 is searching, questioning, critical—willing to challenge every doctrine and institution of the church. If worship may perhaps be better expressed by folk singing, modern dance or drama, the churches are ready to try. Yet a considerable body of Protestant and Catholic radicals, ranging from bishops to informed laymen and

The radicals who predict the disappearance of today's institutional Christianity do so with great equanimity. "I cannot imagine a more enjoyable time to be a Christian," says British Journalist Monica Furlong, herself a convinced Anglican radical. "For while the holocaust is sweeping away much that is beautiful and all that is safe and comfortable and unquestioned, it is relieving us of mounds of Christian bric-a-brac, and the liberation is unspeakable."

Prophets & Persecutions. Such churchly radicalism has the best kind of historical precedent. "Christ was a revolutionary figure," insists Dr. Roger

tern of the church is no longer in touch with real life." One sure sign is that Christianity is not keeping up with the growth of humanity. In the U.S., 57% of the population claim membership in Christian churches. But the rate of increase for most denominations today is somewhat below the general population growth, and many church leaders wonder how many of their faithful are the accidental equivalent of "rice Christians"—those who would abandon their faith the moment membership involved real commitment or risk.

Elsewhere in the world, the prospects are even worse. By the year 2000, estimates the French Catholic demographer Adrian Bouffard, only 20% of the earth's population will be Christian—compared with 35% in 1900. Moreover, the churches' very existence is threatened in areas where growth is most rapid. In Africa and Asia, for example, the young churches must brave the resurgence of such non-Christian faiths as Islam and Buddhism, the enmity of freedom movements that would eradicate the "white man's religion" as a vestige of the colonial past.

Behind the Iron Curtain, an atheistic authoritarianism has forced many churches back to the catacombs. In Western Europe, church leaders wonder how to evangelize post-Christian pagans for whom towering cathedrals are museums rather than centers of a living faith. Warns the German philosopher and publisher Gerhard Szezesny: "One good salesman, endowed with the more recent theological adaptations, might well be capable of converting the European masses to Islam."

The World Come of Age. But the greatest challenge to the churches—one that knows no national borders—is secularization. Dutch Theologian Albert van den Heuvel, head of the World Council of Churches' Youth Department, defines the term as "the process of ever-growing independence from any transcendent control." What it amounts to, in the blunt phrase of Friedrich Nietzsche, is "God is dead."

In a sense, God—the personal, omniscient deity of Christendom—has been dying for centuries. His lordship over the world has been threatened by every scientist who discovered a new natural law of organic growth, by every invention of man that safeguarded him against "act of God" disaster, by every new medicine that tamed a disease and solved another mystery of life. But it is the 20th century, the age of technological miracle, that has seen the triumph of the Enlightenment and the apparent banishment of God from the universe—even, thanks to Freud, from the human soul. Writing from his German prison cell in 1944, the anti-Nazi martyr Dietrich Bonhoeffer defined it as "the world come of age," in which "man has learned to cope with all questions of importance without recourse to God as a working hypothesis."

Theologian van den Heuvel warns



MODERN DANCE AT PRESBYTERIAN THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY IN LOUISVILLE
The spirit is searching, questioning, critical.

seminarians, believe that the present vitality of Christianity is simply a kind of spiritual Indian summer. Convinced that most of the structures of the church have outlived their usefulness, many of these all-out reformers want a new Pentecost—"a return to the womb and a new birth for the Christian community," in the words of David Edwards, editor of the Anglican SCM Press.

They foresee a day when there may be fewer Christians but more dedicated ones, and when the church will be built around the active cell of believers rather than the territorial parish. It will be a church seeking to identify the sacred in the midst of the profane, attempting to build the Kingdom of God by transforming the organisms of the secular city. In sum, the new church will be a return to the Biblical notion of the "salt of the earth." Germany's great Jesuit theologian Karl Rahner argues that Christianity is already "in diaspora," as the triumphal mass church of Christendom's past evolves into a sectlike community of the dedicated, dispersed throughout the world.

Shinn of Manhattan's Union Theological Seminary. "He was as unconcerned with institutions as anyone could be." Time and again through its turbulent, long history, Christianity has heard the voice of its own angry prophets denouncing the established disorder—St. Paul complaining about the immoralities of Corinth, St. Francis rejecting the pomp of the medieval church, Luther fulminating at the luxury of Rome, Kierkegaard howling vainly against the placid orthodoxy of Denmark's Lutheranism. Time and again, also, Christianity has undergone revolutionary second Pentecosts, and survived by adopting radical new forms of life. The Christian cell of believers, worshipping in the catacombs, brought the church through centuries of Roman persecutions. In the Dark Ages of the 9th century, the fortress monasteries of the Benedictines saved the faith of Europe—and the culture of its Greco-Roman past—from the triumph of marauding barbarians.

The reformers of today believe in total renewal because, in the words of Dr. Harvey Cox of Andover Newton Theological School, "the existing pat-

that there is no turning back from the reality of secularization. "The human mind has exeged God away out of the open questions of existence, and man in growing up has more and more chased the various gods out of their positions of control of human affairs. Mankind will not go back to the Old Testament for governing principles of how the world was made, but we will go on to trace its physical mysteries with X rays and microscopes. The world in which we live is forever without a God who plays the role of the continuous and sovereign Controller of mankind, without whom we could have no bread, no health, no safety."

The church of the future, say the Christian radicals, must be prepared to cope with the implications of a totally secular society: the disaffection of millions who want salvation in this world rather than the next, and who see the church as irrelevant to their concerns; the end of such traditional church rights as tax exemptions; the prospect of finding new ways to speak about divine revelation to the world that scorns the supernatural and cannot hear the voice of Christianity's "dead" God. To prepare for the future and to build the new church, many Christian thinkers are first pondering what their answer should be to the ancient question: "What do you think of the Christ?"

Messiah & Magistrate. The author of the *Letter to the Hebrews* declared that "Jesus Christ is the same yesterday and today and for ever." True enough, but every generation has shaped its own unique understanding of the Saviour. To the first Jewish Christians of Jerusalem, he was primarily the Messiah spoken of by Isaiah and the prophets. The Christos Pantocrator of Orthodoxy was as royal a governor as any Byzantine emperor. Calvinism emphasized the stern lord of the Last Judgment, a magistrate who could govern the theocracy that was Geneva. The most painted figure in the history of art, Jesus has been portrayed in countless forms, from the fat-legged infant in the laps of serene Renaissance madonnas to the majestic risen Lord of Graham Sutherland's tapestry in Coventry Cathedral.²

"If to the seeker after Christ," says Anglican Theologian Harry Williams, "you preach a 4th century Christ, or a 16th century Christ, or a 19th century Christ, you are still giving him a stone instead of the living truth." For many churchmen, the Christ that must be preached to this century was defined by Bonhoeffer: "The man existing for others." The Jesus for now is not so much the Son of God but the Son of Man, not so much the risen Lord of

Easter as the suffering servant who agonized in near despair on the Cross, who died that the world might live. The Jesus for now is the Jesus of preaching and of the Passion.

There is nothing un-Biblical in this conception of the Christ. After all, notes Lutheran Theologian Martin Marty, "when they asked Jesus what it was all about, he told the story of the Good Samaritan." St. Paul informed the church of Philippi that "Christ Jesus, who, though he was in the form of God, did not count equality with God a thing to be grasped, but emptied himself, taking the form of a servant." According

Rose adds, that must seek, through service, "to become the center of life, rather than what it now seems to many: a peripheral institution."

The service that the renewal theologians have in mind is considerably more selfless and anonymous than ladies-aid society bazaars, for example, or the impressive relief programs carried on by denominations. One of the most unsettling convictions of modern church thinkers is that Christianity, in a secular society, is far from being the only instrument of divine action. In fact, God may well be more apparent in a purely nonreligious organization or movement



THE REV. DON BENEDICT IN CHICAGO.
Secularization is here to stay.

to Matthew, Jesus warned his disciples: "The Son of Man came not to be served but to serve." And he wished that the church follow in his path. "I have given you an example," he told the Apostles (John 13:15) after washing their feet before the Last Supper, "that you also should do as I have done to you."

Serving Society. One implication of this servant Christology is that the church will also be "for others"—ministering to the world, not standing aloofly in judgment against it. "In the 21st century," says Theologian van den Heuvel, "the church should serve society, which also predetermines its form and shape. In the new world, the church should really live the contents of the Gospel, living out its messianic ministry, communicating with society, gearing itself to its needs."

Servanthood calls for a new understanding of the nature of the church: not the "repository of the saved" but what Editor Stephen Rose of the Chicago monthly *Renewal* calls "a community of people, no better than anybody else, but who are trying to be the light of the world." It is a church,

—such as the civil rights revolution or the fight against poverty and hunger in the world—than in the actions of the churches.

It is equally possible that the most profound insights into the nature of man and the meaning of life may appear in the work of an atheist rather than a committed theologian. "We know," says Canon Lloyd with dry realism, "that God could do without the Church of England, the Methodists, or even without the Church of Rome."

In an era of what Secretary-General Willem Visser 't Hooft of the World Council of Churches calls "socratic evangelism," Christianity must seek to identify these secular currents of divine action and join them. This, primarily, is a layman's task, and Dutch Dominican Theologian Edward Schillebeeckx argues that Christians must "draft with vision the blueprints of tomorrow, designed for the dynamic shaping of a temporal society worthy of man." Too often, he adds, the church has refused to become incarnate in the world, with the result that "everything connected with the world's development and prog-

² Measuring 72 by 40 ft., Sutherland's *Christ in Glory*, shown on this week's cover of *TIME*, pictures Jesus surrounded by the emblems of the four Evangelists. At top left, the man (Matthew); at lower left, the ox of St. Luke; at top right, the eagle of St. John; at lower right, the lion of St. Mark. To the right of the seated Christ is the figure of the archangel Michael, patron saint of the cathedral.

ress was left to the people whom we call infidels and unbelievers."

The Four Worlds. In nearly all thinking about the future of the servant church, says Chicago's Don Benedict, "the structural problem is basic." Explains Francis Ayres, director of the Parishfield Community, a training center for Christian laymen near Detroit: "Everyone recognizes that the local congregation is a limited instrument designed for earlier times, and cannot cope with modern society." The reason for the obsolescence of the geographic parish, says Benedict, is that it serves only one of the four "worlds" inhabited by modern man—the world of his residence, where the churches effectively minister to man in his personal relationships. But urban man also inhabits "the world of work, divorced from the residential world, with its own ethos and structures. Third, there is the pub-

of these voluntary and self-supporting."

Restructuring the church means changing the roles of minister and laymen. Many theologians believe that most present-day distinctions between pastor and people will wither away, and that the Pauline notion of the priesthood of all believers will become a living reality. One reason—which Mormons and Pentecostals understand already—is that all Christians will be called to witness in the world. Another is that many clergymen are dissatisfied with the limitations of a ministry that puts them on the fringe of life.

Roughly one-third of U.S. divinity students display little interest in entering the parish ministry—and some of those are intellectually no match for the college-bred among their congregations. Many ministers envision the day, and a few have already achieved it, when they will support their parish work by full-time jobs in secular occupations, emulating the worker-priests of post-war France.

"If the church is to travel sufficiently light," argues Bishop John Robinson, "and to be flexible for a mobile society organized on functional lines, then it must be free to deploy most of its manpower not for servicing units of ecclesiastical plant but for serving within the structures of the world."

Changed Rhythm. According to Princeton Theologian M. Richard Schuall, worship ought to be "an expression in symbol and sacrament of what God is doing to make human life human." Many clergymen, and laymen too, question whether existing patterns of worship are suited to the church of the future. The long weekend and the five-day week have already changed the rhythm of life that made Sunday morning the natural time to pay homage to God. In the 21st century, liturgies may be celebrated—as they were in the early church—in homes or places of work, and rarely on the day of the Lord. David Edwards argues that preaching is on the way out, and that in the future the word of God will be expressed by dialogue rather than monologue; instead of sermons, study-group discussions between ministers and laymen. Already, some ministers and priests are experimenting with unorthodox liturgies. In California, Episcopal, Presbyterian and Methodist ministers have congregated at Communion services in one another's homes. Some U.S. priests have presided at Last Supper-style Masses, following the forms used by 2nd century Christians.

Even more archaic than the form of Christian worship is its language. Says the Rev. Robert Raines, pastor of the First Methodist Church of Germantown, Pa.: "Liturgy is an expression in language of our life before God. We have hymns of the four seasons, of the earth, the sky and rural life. But how many hymns are there about God in the factories? In the city slums? We are living on hymns that are an articulation of life in another term."

The Common Task. When they consider the teachings of the churches, many theologians today are inclined to ask themselves the question put to Ezekiel: "Can these bones live?" How, in the secular era, can the church proclaim Christ in words that the world will hear? There is no easy answer, although many churchmen agree on some qualities that any theology of the future must have. It will be ecumenical. "Renewal is the invitation to a common task," says the Swiss Catholic theologian Hans Küng. "Everything today is interdependent." It will be existential. "Theology is overdeveloped in systems and arguments," says French Dominican Pierre Liège, "and not rich enough in concrete applications to existential problems. As it progresses, it will turn more to the questions of the significance of human life and the application of the Christian message to the existential circumstance." It will also be



PIKE OF SAN FRANCISCO
Abandoning the Trinity.

lic sector. Last, there is the leisure world—the second home, spare time." Somehow, argues Benedict, the church must enter all these worlds—as it did, for example, in the Middle Ages.

But how? One answer is the creation of functional rather than territorial parishes—the so-called "guild churches" that would unite a few hundred people with a common interest. Instead of belonging to one church near his home, a man might be a member of three or four worshipping units. Another new instrument of the church is the Christian "cell" of men and women who gather, at work or at home, to study the Bible or discuss the problems of their work. Stephen Rose suggests that the church of the future will still have its cathedrals, as places where the tradition of worship could be preserved with integrity. "Then outside them," he says, "in smaller churches, in houses, in storefronts, there would be centers of outreach, each with a specific function. There would be theaters, galleries, youth clubs, political centers, many



ROBINSON OF WOOLWICH
Questioning the God "out there."

open to the insights of science and non-Christian faiths, even to the humanist values—a deep concern for other men's welfare, an intelligently empirical approach to moral issues—of contemporary belief.

Beyond that, there is no widespread agreement about how the servant church is to rearrange its cargo of dogma for the hard sailing ahead. Many Roman Catholics and Protestants feel that the primary theological task is retranslation of traditional concepts into contemporary accents, and that to toss doctrine overboard is to betray the faith. Yet an influential minority of Christian thinkers is willing to do just that. It is an unarguable axiom for the Marburg Disciples of Germany's Rudolf Bultmann that Christianity must demythologize—that is, translate the essential elements of the New Testament proclamation into terms that relate to man's existential conflict today, while doing away with nonessentials as so much historical ballast. Advocates of Paul Tillich's method of correlation,

which attempts to find theological answers in the Christian message to the existential questions posed by modern philosophy, are content to ignore dogmas that do not relate to contemporary man's ultimate concern.

Not all the radical theologians who want Christianity to travel light are in the seminaries. Two of the most persuasive are consecrated bishops of the Anglican faith: John Robinson, the suffragan of Woolwich, and James A. Pike of San Francisco. In his bestselling (750,000 copies) *Honest to God*, Robinson proposed, among other near heresies, that Christianity substitute Tillich's concept of God as "the ground of all being" for the old notion of a transcendent personal deity "out there." In subsequent writings, Robinson has carried on his theological demolition work in other areas. *Christian Morals Today* argues for a flexible ethic in which the only commitment is to act out of love for God instead of absolute adherence to an objectively valid set of divine commandments. And in a series of lectures called "The New Reformation?" Robinson argues that when its basic truths are at stake, Christianity should preserve an agnostic silence about certain doctrines—heaven and hell, for example, or the devil and the angels—since "these cannot be painted with the assurance or the detail on the wide canvases beloved of our forefathers."

Packaging v. Product. A similar demand for doctrinal caution is voiced by Pike in his recent *A Time for Christian Candor*. He argues that the church keeps the treasure of its revelation in "earthly vessels," and that it is idolatry to accept as eternally true what is only historically conditioned. He suggests that Christianity abandon the notion of the Trinity, which has now become a pagan tritheism instead of what the church fathers intended to say. To avoid confusion of the "packaging" with the "product," Pike would do away with all spatial images of God, everything that suggests a distinction between the sacred and the secular.

When will the church of the future be born? "We're in it now," exults Jean-Paul Meyer, director of Paris' International Protestant Students' Center, and he may well be right. Every church today has its share of experiments looking ahead to the 21st century. In Germany, for example, the Protestant Evangelical Academies bring Christians together for weekend seminars to discuss, on a thoroughly professional level, such secular issues as urban planning and traffic problems. Mainz-Kastel is the center of Lutheran Pastor Horst Symanowski's yearly industrial seminar for ministers, who divide their time between working on assembly lines and learning the sociology of the factory. The spirit of the worker-priests lives on in the Anglican priests of the Sheffield Industrial Mission, the Japanese Christian industrial evangelists, and in Roman Catholicism's Little Brothers of Charles de Foucauld, laymen under

vows of poverty who "shout the Gospel with their lives" in the slums of Paris, Buenos Aires and Santiago.

Put Up or Shut Up. In the U.S., every major city has one or more experimental Inner City missions, many of them modeled on the interdenominational East Harlem Protestant Parish, where Holy Communion is often celebrated around a kitchen table in an apartment, and a team of laymen and clerics spend most of their waking hours combatting the apathy of public officialdom and a poverty-stricken community. The National Council of Churches is supporting an ambitious new program of Christian involvement called "the Delta Ministry." In 15 Mississippi counties, council staff workers

to be a valuable instrument in Soviet-bloc countries, where it remains the one autonomous institution in a would-be omniscient state. Roman Catholic Layman Michael Novak warns that even if the institutional church withers away, another will eventually take its place, and that "there is no way of so organizing life that holiness and vitality are guaranteed." He also points out that those who talk of the militant church for the chosen remnant tend to sound a trifle holier-than-thou.

For Lutherans, the very notion of a servant church raises a fundamental doctrinal question: What is the place of salvation by faith in a Christianity devoted to good works? And what is to prevent a church "seeking to lose itself in the world" from becoming just another humanitarian agency? German Theologian Helmut Thielicke feels that contemporary efforts to demythologize the Gospel may produce "over-intellectualized" theologies comprehensible only to doctoral students in philosophy. Other churchmen question whether the theological striptease proposed by Bishops Robinson and Pike amounts to anything more than the rediscovery of classic Unitarianism.

"Either we experiment in faith, or else we fossilize," answers Canon Lloyd, and Don Benedict argues that in order to re-establish its credibility in the secular age the church must emphasize the ethical rather than confessional aspect of Christ. But today's renewal theologians are far more realistic than the Social Gospellers of the first decades of the 20th century who assumed that the church could guide the world on a path of easy progress toward the spiritual transformation of economic life. Christian reformers, says Rose, "take very seriously the sinfulness of man and are skeptical of any pat solution to the tragedy of human existence." Thus they willingly admit that even the most promising of today's ecclesiastical experiments are at best interim solutions, and may be doomed to failure.

Failure and sorrow are inevitable ingredients in the drama of human existence. "In the sacred history of man on earth," wrote French author Léon Bloy, "it is still, alas, Good Friday." But Good Friday was, and is, the prologue to Easter. As usual, it was Bonhoeffer who best expressed the millennial hope for the coming of God's kingdom that lies behind the theology of renewal. "The day will come," he wrote from his prison cell, "when men will be called again to utter the word of God with such power as will change and renew the world. It will be a new language, which will horrify men, and yet overwhelm them by its power."

When will that day come? All that the Christian can know is that the church must ready itself to proclaim the event. Summoned to discipleship, Christianity will be its true self only when it exists for humanity, following the example of the suffering servant who was its Lord and founder.



SCULPTURED CHRIST®
In history, it is still Good Friday.

and volunteers will be working with Negro organizations on voter registration drives, seeking to reconcile the white community to civil rights, establishing community centers to train adult illiterates, advising sharecroppers on agricultural techniques. Justifying the project, Bishop Reuben Mueller told the council: "Our day is saying to all of us in the field of religion: 'Put up or shut up.' It is just as challenging as that."

Faith of the Future? Without question, most Christians are not ready to proclaim the death of the church or to embrace the skeletonized faith of the future that some modern-day reformers propose. The World Council's Visser 't Hooft notes that the much-questioned territorial parish has proved

■ A silver-gilt statuette 20 in. high, this work by Italian Sculptor Pericle Fazzini tops a font for holy water used at St. Peter's during Easter.

COLLEGE BASKETBALL

Shall We Dance?

Who's No. 1? Who's No. Anything? The college basketball season is already a month old, and the only thing anybody can say for sure is that there are thousands of teams playing the game. All it takes is a dance floor and two peach baskets, and the next thing anyone knows, the harem girls are beating Notre Dame.

Take Michigan, everybody's choice for No. 1 at season's start. "We're unbelievably good," said Coach Dave Strack. His team won its first four games, but then it tripped over Nebraska (74-73), which lost to Wyoming, which lost to Oklahoma City, which lost to Southern Methodist, which lost to Vanderbilt, which lost to Virginia Tech, which lost to Duquesne, and so on to the 16th power. That was enough to bounce Michigan out of the No. 1 spot and put unbeaten Wichita in. What happened, of course, was that Wichita lost too. To Michigan last week.

Maybe Michigan is the best after all. The Wolverines have a vacation date in Manhattan—playing in the Holiday Festival tournament—which means that they will be among the few Michigan students who will not spend New Year's Day in Pasadena, watching their football brethren work out against Oregon State in the Rose Bowl. And that is undoubtedly a good thing for Oregon State, because if things get sticky, Michigan's football coach might be tempted to put the basketball team to work. They average 206 lbs. per man.

In Center Bill Buntin (6 ft. 7 in., 232 lbs.) and Guard Cazzie Russell (6 ft. 6 in., 220 lbs.), Michigan has the best one-two punch in college basketball. A rugged front-court fighter in the

mold of the Boston Celtics' Bill Russell, Buntin has averaged eleven rebounds and 16.6 points a game. Against Duke—the team that knocked the Wolverines out of last year's N.C.A.A. championships—his clutch shooting (17 points) helped break up a 69-69 tie, give Michigan an 86-79 victory.

The Wichita game last week was Cazzie Russell's chance to shine. Held to two baskets in the first 20 minutes, he exploded in the second half, scored 21 of Michigan's last 29 points. Wichita was leading 84-81 with 1½ minutes to go, when Russell sank a soft, one-handed jump shot to pull the Wolverines within a single point. Wichita got one point back on a free throw, but Russell hit again to tie the game at 85-85 with 28 seconds left. Michigan got another chance with 4 seconds to play—and once more it was Russell, sinking an arcing 25-footer at the gun for the two points that gave Michigan the game, 87-85.

ICE HOCKEY

The Well-Mannered Mesomorph

Only 35 sec. were left on the clock. The Boston Bruins benched their goalie, sent an extra forward into the game, mounted a desperate attack. But a Chicago player picked off the puck and passed it to a burly blond with No. 9 on the back of his Black Hawks uniform. Gathering it in at full speed, Bobby Hull rocketed down the rink. At the blue line, a Boston defenseman unlimbered a vicious body check. Almost casually, Hull bounced the defenseman aside, leaned forward, and flicked the puck straight into the Boston net. The red light flashed, the buzzer rang; Hull skated off the ice, to a standing ovation from the Chicago Stadium fans. He had scored his second goal of the night, the 250th of his N.H.L. career—and the Black Hawks had beaten the Bruins, 7-5.

Rare Treat. Cheers are a rare treat for the Black Hawks—the only team in the National Hockey League that has never won a championship. "If we won 69 games and lost only one," grouches Goalie Glenn Hall, "the fans would boo us for that one loss." But things are looking up. Last week's victory over Boston was the Hawks' fifth straight. Three nights later, they made it six in a row, shattering the front-running Montreal Canadiens 6-3, to move within a game of the league lead.

Ask anybody in Chicago how come, and they start talking about Left Wing Bobby Hull, 25, whose sensational scoring streak is the talk of the young season. In 27 games, Hull has scored 27 goals, close to one-third of his team's total and more than twice as many as anybody else in the N.H.L. Against the Canadiens last week, he got two—plus two assists—and only a prolonged slump or injury can keep him from passing Maurice ("Rocket") Richard's mark of



CHICAGO'S HULL
Send out for cheerleaders.

50, a season record that has been tied twice in 19 years (once by Hull) but never beaten.

Hull is the N.H.L.'s fastest skater (a Canadian research institute clocked him at 28.3 m.p.h. on a typical dash down the ice), and its hardest shooter: his left-handed slap shot zips toward the goal at 118 m.p.h.—19 m.p.h. faster than the fastest measured pitch-in baseball. Even his backhand tops 90 m.p.h. "Stopping one of Hull's shots on the pads is like being slugged by a sledge hammer," says Toronto Goalie Johnny Bower, and when New York's Jacques Plante tried to block one of Hull's slap shots with his gloved hand, it numbed his arm all the way to the elbow. The research institute concluded that Hull (at 5 ft. 10½ in., 194 lbs.) is a "perfect muscular mesomorph"—which is more or less what his opponents have been saying all along. "Somebody ought to put hobbles on him," growls Detroit's Gordie Howe.

Come to Play. A prodigy from the backwoods of Ontario, Hull signed his first pro contract at 14 (for a bonus so small that "I'm ashamed to mention it now"), cracked the big leagues in 1957 at 18. Since then, he has led the N.H.L. three times in goal scoring, twice in total points (goals and assists). The marks of his trade show on his face; it is cross-hatched with scars, and his two front teeth are gone. But Hull has missed only eight games in his career because of injury. He scored eight goals in the 1963 Stanley Cup playoffs despite a shattered nose and cheekbone, and his manners are practically faultless: so far this season, he has spent only 16 min. in the penalty box.

"Bobby just loves to play this game," says Black Hawks Coach Billy Reay. "He can't get enough of it." Last week against Boston, Hull was on ice a full 35 min.—playing left wing on one Black Hawks line, filling in for an injured teammate at right wing on another line, substituting on power plays when Boston had a man in the penalty box, serving on the Hawks' own special penalty-killing squad. Said Bobby afterward: "I could have gone some more."



MICHIGAN'S RUSSELL
Bring on the harem girls.

GOLF

Welcome to the Club

There are football All-Americans, basketball All-Americans, baseball All-Americans, hockey All-Americans, soccer All-Americans, lacrosse All-Americans, little All-Americans, high school All-Americans, silver All-Americans, sometime All-Americans and all-time All-Americans. Who needs another All-America team? Golfers, apparently.

At least that was what *Golf* magazine thought. Last week, after polling 400 sportswriters, it came up with a 1964 All-America Golf Team. It was a little tricky, because golf—man v. himself—is hardly a team sport. But that was solved by rooting through the golfer's bag and picking players for their proficiency with specific clubs. Jack Nicklaus thereby became Driver of the Year—a masterpiece of circumlocution, considering that he was good enough with all the clubs to win \$113,284 this year.

Arnie Palmer was picked for the long irons, Bobby Nichols for the middle irons, Ken Venturi for the short irons, Billy Casper for putting. The palm for fairway woods went to South Africa's Gary Player—which is a little like naming Australia's Roy Emerson to an All-America tennis team because he won the Davis Cup. Tony Lema took the pitching-wedge award, although he left his wedge in the bag and did most of his pitching with a No. 7 iron when he won the British Open.

Julius Boros got the sort of back-handed compliment that caddies give big tipplers: he was picked as the best man out of traps with a sand wedge. "If I hadn't practiced," said

Boros modestly, "I couldn't possibly have won. There are many fine wedge players in the game, and none of them got there the easy way."

Now that the ice has been cracked, the possibilities are endless. They could, for instance, give Phil Rodgers the Tannenbaum Award for trying to play his ball out of a spruce tree, taking a quadruple-bogey 8 in the process, and blowing the 1962 U.S. Open. Arnie Palmer ought to be a cinch for a Master Mariner's badge after the six strokes he took in the surf and rocks off Pebble Beach, Calif., last January. And how about a Diamond in the Rough for Bobby Nichols, who drove into the rough on nine out of 18 holes at this year's P.G.A. Championship, hit a tree and three traps, still scored a 69 for the round, and won the tournament? One thing, though, about *Golf*'s team: it is the richest All-America around. The poorest man on the squad is Julius Boros, and he merely made \$28,232 this year.

SCOREBOARD

Who Won

► Tulsa: a 14-7 victory over Mississippi, in the Bluebonnet Bowl at Houston. Tulsa Quarterback Jerry Rhone was the whole show, completing 22 out of 36 passes for 252 yds., running for the first touchdown himself, flipping a 35-yd. pass to Halfback Ed Fletcher for the winning TD. At the Atlantic City Convention Hall, site of last August's Democratic National Convention, Utah trounced West Virginia 32-6 in the Liberty Bowl—first indoor bowl game ever. The temperature was a pleasantly cool 60°, and Utah Halfback Ron Coleman was red-hot: he gained 154 yds. on 15 carries, including a 53-yd. touchdown burst.

► Sam Snead and Shirley Englehorn: the \$40,000 Haig & Haig Scotch Mixed Foursome golf tournament, at Sebring, Fla. Taking turns hitting the ball, Sam and Shirley, who won one tournament and \$19,582 on the ladies' tour this year, shot a final round 65 to beat Dow Finsterwald and Marlene Bauer Hagge by one stroke. Shirley's contributions to the partnership included a 25-ft. putt for one eagle and a 50-yd. wedge shot into the cup for another.

► Joey Giardello: a unanimous 15-round decision over Rubin ("Hurricane") Carter, 27, in a middleweight championship fight at Philadelphia's Convention Hall. Carter's looks (shaved head, drooping Fu Manchu moustache) and ring credentials (a one-round knockout of Welterweight King Emile Grifflith) were impressive enough to make him the betting favorite at 11-10. But they hardly awed Champion Giardello, 34, who was fighting his 127th professional bout. Counterpunching craftily, scoring heavily with short, chopping hooks, Giardello won a lopsided victory, to the delight of 6,000 home-town fans.

Watch NBC-TV: Sun Bowl, Dec. 26; Sugar Bowl, Jan. 1



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PALMER ON THE ROCKS
Anyways, he's rich.

MEDICINE

SURGERY

Repairing the Royal Aorta

Music by Muzak was soft and low. *Two Sleepy People* and *So Beats My Heart for You* flowed over the operating room in Houston's Methodist Hospital. But the patient on the table, His Royal Highness Prince Edward Albert Christian George Andrew Patrick David, Duke of Windsor, was already going under the anesthetic. Baylor University's famed surgeon Dr. Michael E. DeBakey was scarcely listening as he performed an operation that only a few years ago would have seemed dangerous indeed. He slit open the 70-year-old duke's belly and cut down to the aorta, the body's main artery, on which he found a 4-in. section that had swollen into an aneurysm, much as an inner tube will balloon through a weakness in its rubber wall. In 67 min. of delicate surgery, Dr. DeBakey cut out the aneurysm and replaced it with a length of knitted Dacron tubing.

First Hint. The blood royal is no exception to the rule that blood flowing through the arteries exerts considerable pressure and needs strong-walled vessels to keep it in place. This is especially true of the aorta, largest of all arteries. It is a three-ply tube, about one inch in diameter where it descends through the abdomen, carrying blood for the lower organs and legs. The middle layer (the "media," to anatomists) is muscle, and it is a break in this layer that leads to aneurysms. In the vast majority of cases, the first cause of the break is unknown, and the beginning of the aneurysm's growth may easily go undetected.

The duke had no hint of trouble until

about four years ago. Then, during a routine checkup, Manhattan's Dr. Arthur Antenucci diagnosed an aneurysm that required watching. But it was too small at the time to justify the major surgery that would be involved in its removal. No special diet was needed, no drugs. How little distress the aneurysm caused the duke is shown by the fact that he was able to keep working steadily for most of this year on his movie, *A King's Story*.

No Rush. But this month the aneurysm grew rapidly. The elastic outer layer of the aorta was being stretched thinner and thinner, with increasing danger that it might burst and loose a fatal flood of blood into the abdominal cavity. Dr. Antenucci ordered X rays, which showed that the aneurysm had increased in size, and within a week had grown bigger than an orange. The heat of the blood pulsing through it could be felt by the doctor's hand. And it was in an especially dangerous location, below the branching of the kidney arteries (see diagram). It was time for surgery, but there did not seem to be much of a rush—the duke went to Houston by slow, jolting train.

For Dr. DeBakey, who developed the operation and has already done it 6,500 times, the procedure was routine. But after he made a 6-in. incision through the duke's lean abdominal wall, the surgeon discovered that the aneurysm was even bigger than expected. "The size of a small cantaloupe or large grapefruit," he reported. Instead of a simple balloon shape with a neat "stalk," it was "fusiform," with its base extending along the aorta. Worse, the wall of the aorta had eroded until it was on the point of rupturing.

Skin to Skin. The surgeons put a clamp on the aorta above the aneurysm and another below it. Next, Dr. DeBakey cut out the weakened, ballooning piece of aorta and stitched in the Dacron tube (a material devised to his own specifications). Then he and his

assistants opened the clamps to let blood clot in the tiny interstices of the knit. Finally, they took the clamps off for good. It took only 67 min. from the first incision to the closing of the wound ("skin to skin," as surgeons call it). Within 3½ hr., the duke was chatting cheerily with his duchess.

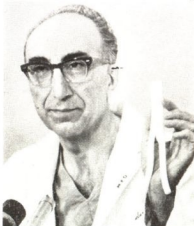
By coincidence, a commoner of uncommon note (and a friend of the duke's) had the same operation the same day. In Los Angeles' Cedars of Lebanon Hospital, Gloria Morgan Vanderbilt, 60, had a fusiform aneurysm cut out by Dr. Joshua Fields, and got an even more extensive artery replacement. Her graft, made of nylon-Teflon-Dacron and shaped like an inverted Y, was attached at the top near the renal arteries. Its shorter branch was joined to the right iliac artery, and a longer branch on the left extended down into the thigh. At week's end, the patient was doing well.

In both cases, the graft will serve as a scaffolding on which the body will build its own tubing of living cells. This tissue by itself will not be as strong as the original muscle, but the combination of knit and tissue will be stronger. Barring unexpected complications, it will easily last as long as the patients live. And they should be able to get around as well as ever, with negligible discomfort.

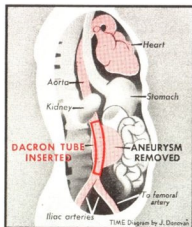
The Wandering Bullet

It began as just another hunting accident. Young James W. Kelley, 17, was stalking deer in the Maine woods when his friend's .22-cal. rifle discharged accidentally. Kelley was hit in the head. "I didn't feel a thing," he says, "but suddenly everything went black. I remember falling on my hands and knees and hollering 'I'm blind!'"

At Cary Memorial Hospital in Caribou, X rays showed that the bullet had passed through Kelley's brain from a



DR. DEBAKEY & DACRON TUBE
Three hours later . . .



TIME Diagram by J. Doravak



DUKE & DUCHESS OF WINDSOR
. . . a cheery chat.

point below the right ear and had lodged in the left side of his skull. Dr. Frederick J. Gregory found that the boy's blindness was the result of bleeding inside the skull that caused pressure on the brain. When the hemorrhage was drained and bone fragments were removed, the boy recovered his sight. As for the bullet, it seemed best to leave it where it was.

Kelley recovered rapidly and was ready to go home when the doctors decided on a last-minute X ray, a final checkup for safety's sake. The results were astonishing: the bullet seemed to have disappeared. Then another X ray found it—lodged in the right ventricle (lower chamber) of Kelley's heart. Medical annals are full of cases in which wandering bullets have traveled from the chest, say, to such unlikely places as the knee. But the young Maine hunter had set what astounded doctors thought might be something of a record. Having been shot in the head, he wound up wounded in the heart.

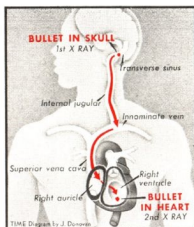
Kelley was rushed by ambulance to Maine Medical Center in Portland, where Dr. Clement A. Hiebert had to do a 31-hr. open-heart operation using a heart-lung machine to remove Kelley's bullet. But no less remarkable than Kelley's survival was the strange and tortuous route that the bullet fragment had followed. Slowed by smashing through his skull, it had landed in the left transverse sinus (a large vein). Then it had "flowed" in the bloodstream along the transverse sinus, down the main jugular vein and superior vena cava, into the right auricle (upper chamber) of the heart and through the tricuspid valve into the right ventricle. Thanks to the heart's muscular contractions, the fragment had worked half-way through the heart wall. If it had gone all the way, Kelley, who was ready to go home last week, would probably have died—just as if he had been shot in the heart in the first place. As it is, he will go home for Christmas.

OBSTETRICS

A Cold Bath for Baby

To the vast majority of obstetricians it has always seemed not only sound medical practice but also plain common sense to keep a newborn baby warm—especially if it has difficulty beginning to breathe. In such cases, doctors have a standard treatment: with the baby held head down, they suck fluids out of his nose, mouth, throat and bronchi, and give oxygen. If after five minutes the baby still does not breathe, they may try artificial respiration or give more oxygen. But with the baby kept warm.

To Anatomist James A. Miller Jr. this seemed like one case in which common sense was dead wrong. Since the brain's extraction of oxygen from the blood is a biochemical process, Miller figured that a cooled brain will consume less oxygen, and be in less danger of



damage from oxygen deprivation, than a warmed brain. Working with his wife Faith, also an anatomist, and using guinea pigs at Atlanta's Emory University, Dr. Miller found what he considered proof of his reasoning.

That was back in 1949, and all but a few U.S. obstetricians have remained terrified of putting a baby in an icy bath. But last week the Drs. Miller, now at Tulane University, told a Manhattan meeting of the American Academy for Cerebral Palsy that in Finland, Sweden and Switzerland, 150 babies have been chilled and not killed. The few who have died after cooling almost certainly would have died without it. And among the survivors, cerebral palsy is rare or unknown, whereas among babies who have suffered the same breathing difficulty and have been kept warm, cerebral palsy is common.

Dr. Miller does not advocate chilling as a routine treatment for the newborn. Indeed, he insists that it should not be started until a baby has failed to breathe for five minutes after delivery.⁶ Then, while efforts to start respiration continue, the child should be immersed in cold tap water, flat on his back, so that only his mouth, nose, eyes and untrimmed umbilical cord are out of the water. The baby's blood may be cooled as low as 68° F. If the procedure ever wins wide U.S. approval, chilling might be helpful for several thousand babies a year who would otherwise die or be doomed to live with damaged brains.

Abortion, Legal & Illegal

Every year a million abortions are performed in the U.S., and 99% of them are illegal. Back-room operations, they endanger a woman's health and life. Some 8,000 are done by physicians in hospitals, with a semblance of legality, but even this is often a fiction. The law in virtually all 50 states declares that a therapeutic abortion is permissible only to save the mother's life. In

⁶ In adults, oxygen deprivation causes irreversible brain damage within about four minutes. Nature's wisdom gives the newborn an extra ten or 15 minutes.



KELLEY WITH NURSE & BULLET
Slow route through the skull.

some hospitals, doctors construe this liberally and do an abortion if the woman threatens suicide, especially if she is unmarried or has been raped.

Last week the prestigious, 3,000-member New York Academy of Medicine reported in effect that New York State's—and most of the nation's—abortion laws are hypocritical, and would be a farce if they did not prove fatal to so many women. Most doctors, said the academy's committee on public health, are so afraid of prosecution that safe abortions in hospitals have become fewer and fewer, while dangerous, illegal abortions have become ever more common.

The academy's prescription: amend the law to permit "therapeutic abortion where there is a substantial risk that the continuance of pregnancy would gravely impair the physical or mental health of the mother, or that the child would be born with grave physical or mental defects." As safeguards, the academy would require prior approval of an operation by a committee of hospital doctors, and the abortion would have to be done by a licensed physician under the usual safe, sterile conditions in a hospital.

TOXICOLOGY

Season's Warnings

Christmas has hazards as well as joys, and some of them are subtle poisons. Says the National Safety Council, One old wives' tale holds that a tea brewed of mistletoe leaves or berries⁷ is good for the circulation. Far from it, says the council: the tea can ruin even an adult's circulation to the point of killing him. A likelier danger from the floral decorations of a contemporary Christmas is that a youngster will pull off and chew one of the pretty, pointed green leaves of a poinsettia plant. These contain an acrid juice that can also be fatal.

⁷ Said by Pliny to have been used by Druids as a cure for sterility, mistletoe extract is occasionally injected as a circulatory stimulant.

THE LAW

TRIALS

The Right of Privacy & Property

After screening the movie *John Goldfarb, Please Come Home*, the University of Notre Dame halted 20th Century-Fox into New York State Supreme Court on the ground that its \$4,000,000 farce "causes irreparable injury to the high prestige, reputation and good will of the university [TIME, Dec. 18]." Warmly agreeing, Justice Henry Clay



JUSTICE GREENBERG

A clear case of commercial piracy.

Greenberg last week slapped a temporary injunction against the film's scheduled Christmas Day opening. "The script is ugly, vulgar and tawdry," said Greenberg. "This is a clear case of commercial piracy."

So valuable are Notre Dame's name and symbols that on occasion it has licensed Hollywood to use them at a tidy profit to itself. Twentieth Century-Fox, however, got no permission before plunging ahead with a film in which a befuddled Notre Dame football team is corrupted by Nubian dancers and walloped by treacherous Arabs coached by a Jewish U-2 pilot working for the CIA in a mythical Middle Eastern country. To the Rev. Theodore M. Hesburgh, Notre Dame's president, whom the film depicts as "Father Ryan," there was only one answer: John Goldfarb, please go away.

"Patently Preposterous." In granting Hesburgh's wish, Justice Greenberg set a precedent that may widely affect publishers and other moviemakers if it survives in higher courts. Because a man's name is a property right, Greenberg might have enjoined the film solely on the ground that Father Hesburgh, who was easily recognizable as Father Ryan, had not given his consent. But Greenberg went farther. A university's name is also a property right, he said. To be sure, others may freely exploit

it, and for profit, by virtue of the public's "right to know" and a constitutionally protected free speech and press.

"Where, however, the use exceeds the bounds of legitimate public interest," said Greenberg, "the law will enjoin such exploitation."

Twentieth Century-Fox argued that "the plot is so patently preposterous that no one with the slightest sense of proportion could take it seriously." Precisely, said Greenberg. The film is not "a satire, burlesque or any other form of literary portrayal or criticism" of Notre Dame or its team. "The glaringly evident purpose and effect of defendants' 'tacking on' of the name and symbols of Notre Dame were to capitalize on the commercial value such name and symbols had acquired in the minds of the consuming public."

Despite Twentieth Century-Fox's plea that it has millions tied up in the film, it was Greenberg's opinion that "the rights of property and of privacy far outweigh any financial consideration." Fox "should have known that it could not appropriate another's property, created as the result of years of sacrifice and endeavour."

Out of the Briar Patch

Indicted by a North Carolina grand jury for committing a homosexual act, Defendant Robert McCorkle pleaded no contest, got a five-year sentence and served only 17 months before being paroled. Max Doyle pleaded not guilty, was tried and sentenced to not less than 20 or more than 30 years in prison.

The oddly disparate sentences were handed down by the same judge, acting under an equally odd state law based on an English statute of 1533 that made homosexuality a capital offense. As adopted in 1837, the euphemistic North Carolina law reads: "Any person who shall commit the abominable and detestable crime against nature, not to

be mentioned among Christians, with either mankind or beast, shall be adjudged guilty of a felony, and shall suffer death without the benefit of clergy." As it stands today, the law omits death and Christians, but prescribes a whopping sentence of up to 60 years.

Disposal Law. Not until Doyle's case had the North Carolina law imposed on adult males a sentence longer than five years. But Doyle, the town transvestite, was something of a public nuisance. Previously convicted for prostitution, he wore women's clothes even at his trial. The court simply disposed of the defendant by sending him to prison for what would have amounted to the rest of his life.

Doyle's sentence was twice as long as the one North Carolina gives an armed bank robber, three times longer than a train robber's, 30 times longer than a drunken driver's. His alleged crime—a single homosexual act between consenting adults—is a misdemeanor in New York; in 24 other states, homosexual offenses are punished only when openly committed, as Doyle's was not. The prestigious American Law Institute aims to exempt private "deviate sexual behavior" between consenting adults, punishing only those involving force or corruption of children.

Second Chance. Amid these winds of change, Doyle eventually got his case before North Carolina's liberal U.S. District Judge James B. Craven by petitioning for a writ of habeas corpus. Stunned at the record, Craven suggested there was a violation of the Eighth Amendment's guarantee against cruel and unusual punishment. Restricted by precedents, however, he simply ordered a new trial on the ground that Doyle had been unlawfully imprisoned because his court-appointed lawyer had had only a few hours to prepare a defense. In a scathing order, Craven told North Carolina that imprisoning rather than treating Doyle "is a little like throwing Br'er Rabbit in the briar patch." And he asked: "Is it not time to redraft a crime



DOYLE AS WOMAN



DOYLE AS MAN

An unclear crime against nature.

inal statute first enacted in 1533? And if so, cannot the criminal-law draftsman be helped by those best informed on the subject—medical doctors?"

Whatever the legislature's answer will be, Doyle last week stood trial again—in subdued men's clothes—and on the stand readily admitted that he is a homosexual. "By choice?" pressed the prosecutor. "God in heaven knows, no," said Doyle. Said his lawyer to the jury: "There but for the grace of God go you and I. It could happen to any of us." The jury acquitted Doyle and set him free after three years in jail.

COURTS

Problem of Quality

Is he an ambassador? Is he a Cabinet member? Though the title has an august ring, a U.S. commissioner is not nearly so easy to define. In Mississippi, for example, a suddenly famous U.S. commissioner has turned out to be a middle-aged spinster totally devoid of legal training, but with the power to release 19 men accused of complicity in the murder of three civil rights workers, on the ground that one accused's confession was "hearsay" (TIME, Dec. 18).

Commissioner Esther Carter's ignorance is in the best (or worst) tradition of an ancient office that now requires no special qualifications whatever. In 1793, Congress began appointing "discreet persons, learned in the law" to accept bail in federal cases. The qualifications died in 1896, when Congress handed over the appointments to U.S. district judges. Today's 700 U.S. commissioners may be butchers, bakers or candlestick makers. Yet they function as the federal judiciary's committing magistrates, hold preliminary hearings and determine whether accused persons shall be released or held for trial.

Limited Power. The key test for holding a person is "probable cause"—a fluid concept that Chief Justice John Marshall defined in the 1807 Aaron Burr treason case as "evidence furnishing good reason to believe that the crime alleged has been committed by the person charged with committing it." Such evidence may be no more than an FBI agent's testimony, or the arrest warrant signed by the commissioner himself. The evidence may be inadmissible at the accused's eventual trial. It may be insufficient for indictment by a federal grand jury, which is the sole indictor under federal law. All a U.S. commissioner really determines is whether it seems more prudent to hold a suspect until the grand jury considers the case than to free him.

If the Government has trouble finding evidence, commissioners may grant continuances until the case is better prepared. But they have no power to determine guilt or innocence. According to the Justice Department, Miss Carter was clearly out of line when, on the whispered advice of a local district judge's law clerk, she invoked the trial



LEAVING U.S. COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE*
A search for probable cause.

standard of hearsay evidence. But except in big cities, where most commissioners are seasoned lawyers, such ignorance is probably widespread. According to a recent study, the commissioners of one North Carolina federal district have meted out fines, put defendants on probation and even tried cases for offenses over which they had no jurisdiction whatever. None of the commissioners in question is a lawyer.

Chaotic Mess. One probable explanation for the poor quality of commissioners is money: they are paid entirely on a fee basis (\$6 for signing a search warrant, for example), with an annual maximum of \$10,500. Only 25 commissioners hit that level last year; more typically, Miss Carter earned \$904. Another problem is that commissioners, who serve four-year terms, are under the thumb of district judges, who may fire them without showing cause. As a result, quality varies widely.

"It's not a system at all," says Warren Olney III, director of the Administrative Office of U.S. Courts. "It's a chaotic mess." Olney points significantly at Detroit, which has not had a U.S. commissioner for 16 years. Detroit's federal judges serve as committing magistrates themselves. "You don't find bail-bond brokers hanging around the courthouse in Detroit," says Olney, "which raises the suspicion that maybe one of the commissioners' first functions is to keep bail bondsmen in business." Olney concludes: "Detroit is better off without a U.S. commissioner."

* Alan Kuhn and Jack ("Murphy the Surf") Murphy, two of the accused in Manhattan's spectacular Museum of Natural History jewel theft. Originally held in \$20,000 bail by Miami's U.S. Commissioner Edward Swan, the pair found their bonds hiked to \$50,000 in New York Supreme Court last week.

What's happened to your stocks this year?

Move up? Down? Stay pretty much the same?

About what you expected? Or were you hoping for something better?

Obviously, every investor wants to get the very best return he can on his money. So, for the life of us, we can't figure out why some investors remain shackled to stocks that show no progress... or worse yet, seem to just keep drifting—down.

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Before they finish, they'll pick your holdings apart and analyze them carefully in the light of your specific investment objective. Then, and only then, if they honestly believe that some changes would benefit your over-all investment program, will they suggest specific sales or purchases.

And if they don't think you should make any changes right now, they'll tell you that, too.

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We'll do our level best to live up to it if you'll simply write—

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70 PINE STREET, NEW YORK 5, NEW YORK

A Christmas Prayer

Let us pray that strength and courage abundant be given to all who work for a world of reason and understanding & that the good that lies in every man's heart may day by day be magnified & that men will come to see more clearly not that which divides them, but that which unites them & that each hour may bring us closer to a final victory, not of nation over nation, but of man over his own evils and weaknesses & that the true spirit of this Christmas Season—its joy, its beauty, its hope, and above all its abiding faith—may live among us & that the blessings of peace be ours—the peace to build and grow, to live in harmony and sympathy with others, and to plan for the future with confidence.

U.S. BUSINESS

AUTOS

A Bumper-to-Bumper Crop

Of all the year-end statements customarily made by U.S. businessmen, the most cheerful came last week from Detroit. The nation's automakers have more reason than most to be pleased. Despite crippling strikes that cost them the production of more than half a million cars, it appears that the industry will have its first 8,000,000-car year in history in 1964. By Dec. 10 the automakers had already sold 7,139,135 passenger cars; barring disaster, they are virtually certain to sell another 465,000 by year's end. With sales of 475,000 foreign cars counted in, total U.S. sales in 1964 will thus come to some 8,079,000, about 400,000 more than 1963's all-time high. In achieving this record, the auto industry probably contributed more than any other single factor to the continued advance of the U.S. economy.

Up to 8,700,000. Now that a new record in 1964 seems reasonably certain, the big guessing game is about how well the industry will do in 1965. Last week the top men in Detroit took a look ahead, agreed that the industry will have another bumper-to-bumper crop, but disagreed—to the tune of about 700,000 cars—about just how good the year will be. Cautious but optimistic, General Motors Chairman Frederic Donner predicted that 1965 sales "could well exceed the long-term trend estimate of 7,800,000 cars and approximate the levels reached in 1964." Chrysler President Lynn Townsend said flatly that "the industry is now in the process of putting two 8,000,000-car years back to back," estimated that 8,100,000 cars will be sold in 1965. American Motors President Roy Abernethy agreed that 1965 sales will surpass 1964's, predicted that the industry will sell 45 million new cars in the next five years. Henry Ford II topped them all: 1965 sales, said he, "may well be as high as 8,700,000."



G.M.'S NEW EASTERN HEADQUARTERS
Controversy in the air.

To demonstrate confidence in their predictions, the automakers scheduled the production of 2,600,000 autos in 1965's first quarter—a record for any quarter—and announced vast increases over 1964 in their spending plans. By maintaining what Chairman George Love calls a "conservative dividend policy," Chrysler was able to raise its capital-spending figures by \$50 million to \$350 million, 80% of which will be spent in the U.S. Ford hiked its program 50%, will spend \$400 million at home and \$300 million overseas, although President Arjay Miller said that strike-incurred losses had cost the company 10% of its potential earnings in 1964. General Motors' Donner and President John Gordon raised earlier plans to spend \$1 billion to \$1.1 billion, 20% more than 1964; 75% will be spent in the U.S. Part of G.M.'s capital spending for the next few years will go into a new Eastern headquarters, a con-

troversial 48-story Manhattan tower that will be completed by 1968 on the site of the tradition-encrusted Savoy Plaza Hotel; G.M. has bought half ownership of the new building from its British planners.

Decline of the Compacts. Just as distinctive as G.M.'s skyscraper are several significant patterns that emerge from 1964's auto sales. Compact cars continued their decline, dropping to only 20.1% of the market from 29% in 1963. Their place was largely taken by the intermediates, which captured about 18% of the market. The Pontiac Tempest, the Oldsmobile F-85 and the Buick Special, all of which were upgraded from compact to intermediate in the fall of 1963, made sales gains of 72%, 41% and 26% respectively. Reinforcing this customer trading-up was a further proliferation of optional equipment, ranging from chrome-plated air cleaners to rear-seat speakers. "So many different combinations are available now," says Pontiac Division's General Manager "Pete" Estes, "that we could build 18,184,320 Pontiacs without building two cars alike."

As usual, there were both winners and losers even in a good year. Ford's highly successful Mustang, a quarter of a million of which have been sold since its introduction in April, helped boost the company's sales 9.6% and increase its share of the market from 25.6% to 27.8%. G.M.'s Chevrolet Division, the industry leader, which sold nearly a third of all U.S. cars a few years ago, actually suffered a 5% decline in sales, dropping to 28% of the market. Sales at American Motors, the compact company that has failed to share in Detroit's prosperity, were down 14%. Despite its plight, American is looking toward the new model year with just as much anticipation as its bigger brothers. In March it plans to introduce a fastback Rambler called the Marlin, hoping that it will serve as good bait for the customers who got away in 1964.



FORD'S FORD & MILLER



G.M.'S GORDON & DONNER



CHRYSLER'S LOVE & TOWNSEND

18,184,320 different combinations in the plants.

WALL STREET

Assessing Gilt

AAA may mean the American Automobile Association to millions of Americans, but to cities, states and corporations in search of money it is a supreme symbol of solvency, the highest accolade Wall Street can bestow. Armed with that much-sought but carefully dispensed rating, a borrower can attract more investors, get by with paying lower interest rates on loans, and generally profit by the blue-chip aura that prime rating bestows in the business world. As more and more local and state governments look to bond offerings for financing—a new record of \$10.3 billion in bonds will be offered this year

Moody's, which pioneered the rating system back in 1909, the four top grades are Aaa, Aa, A and Baa, ranging from prime quality to faintly speculative. Standard & Poor's goes in for the upper case: AAA, AA, A and BBB. Dun & Bradstreet, which also owns Moody's but makes its own independent assessments, spells out its scale: prime, better good, good, medium good.

The idea of the ratings is to provide investors with a handy, trusted guide to the borrower's ability to repay. Below the top four grades, down through the Bs and Cs, come the outright speculative bonds. A Standard & Poor's C means that the borrower is not paying interest; D is the lowest, warning investors of a default. For the borrower,

ence, Wall Streeters insisted, and not a plea by the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People for investors to boycott the state. The next day two Mississippi school-improvement issues totaling \$8,775,000 were snapped up by two New York syndicates, Moody's (Aa) and Standard & Poor's (A) had decided that the school bonds had enough gilt on their edges.

CORPORATIONS

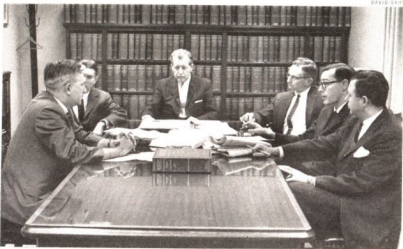
An Attraction of Opposites

With its National Broadcasting Co., its soaring business in color television, and its \$560 million a year in defense and space sales, the Radio Corporation of America has long been the world's No. 1 electronics company. Its imaginative and aggressive chairman, David Sarnoff, has ambitions for RCA to be much more than that. Having just emerged from six years of losses on its computers, RCA has twice this month raised its bid to grab more of the worldwide computer market now dominated by International Business Machines. In its most costly move since entering the field in 1958, RCA brought out a new line of computers (called Spectra 70s) with integrated circuits that it claims are faster and cheaper to make than the transistor circuits that run most computers. Next, it signed a ten-year agreement with West Germany's giant electronics and computer company, Siemens & Halske, to swap patent licenses and technical data in a bid to compete with General Electric in Europe.

Last week Sarnoff arranged another alliance with potentially vast consequences. In what would be a \$140 million stock swap, he offered to absorb Prentice-Hall Inc. of Englewood Cliffs, N.J., a leading publisher of textbooks and specialized business literature. Although Prentice-Hall's 1963 sales of \$68.4 million are dwarfed by RCA's \$1.78 billion gross revenues, the merger could result in revolutionary advances in communications and teaching methods by linking electronics with the printed word—for instance, computer-controlled printing at fantastic speeds delivered electrically to homes and offices.

Both firms seem to have just that sort of thing in mind. Highly diversified Prentice-Hall publishes books, loose-leaf reporting services, newsletters and training materials, and a subsidiary offers residence and correspondence courses in brokerage and investment. The company is also developing audio-visual devices and programmed materials for teaching. Says Chairman (and co-founder) Richard Prentice Ettinger: "We're going into an era of education involving more than books. We'll put our knowledge together and beat every body." Added Sarnoff: "I believe this will advance the art of communications as a whole."

The merger (still subject to approval by both boards of directors and stockholders) was fostered by the handiest



MOODY'S ANALYSTS IN RATING CONFERENCE
Letters mean a lot.

—a high bond rating becomes all-important. Last week, for example, when the state of California offered the largest tax-exempt issue floated this year, for \$150 million worth of school and general construction bonds, its AAA rating quickly attracted all the lenders it needed.

Trusted Guide. Because investors generally follow their decisions to the letter, the few bond houses that judge who will receive what ratings have become powerful and much-wooed forces in U.S. finance. Even before borrowers register their plans with the Securities and Exchange Commission, they call on one or all of the nation's three bond-rating services—Dun & Bradstreet, Moody's and Standard & Poor's. With briefcases stuffed full of balance sheets and revenue and repayment schedules, they are quizzed by committees of experts. Of the two largest services, Standard & Poor's makes 11,000 ratings a year, Moody's 9,000. "It is a judgment of analysts," says Moody's Vice President Edmund Vogelius. "No computer can come up with a rating."

After every detail is weighed, the committee hands down its decision in a terse alphabetical shorthand. At

the difference of one grade can mean a difference of as much as .5% in the interest rate.

No Hesitation. Though the bond houses inspect the same figures and usually arrive at comparable ratings, Moody's has the reputation of being more conservative, while Standard & Poor's gives greater consideration to future prospects. Last October, for example, Moody's bumped New York State from its prime rating of Aaa to a high-quality rating of Aa because of its concern over the state's need to find new sources of tax revenue. Standard & Poor's stuck by its AAA rating, and so did the bond market, which snapped up the New York bonds without hesitation. Deep in debt from urban renewal, Baltimore last month took a one-grade demotion from Moody's, from Aa to A. Dun & Bradstreet, on the other hand, recently decided that Camden, N.J., deserved a promotion to "good."

The importance of a good bond rating became especially clear last week when two separate Mississippi issues were put on the market. Bankers hardly nibbled at the first one, a \$24.6 million water-supply-district issue bearing a Baa rating. The rating made the real differ-

kind of broker: Prentice-Hall President Carroll V. Newsom, onetime (1956-61) president of New York University, who is a member of RCA's board. After the merger, he will be joined on the board by Ettinger.

MANAGEMENT

Blast from Simon

Los Angeles businessman Norton Simon is not an easy man to please, whether he is buying the paintings with which he surrounds himself or acquiring interests in a growing list of companies. The boss of the \$400 million Hunt Foods & Industries, he is also a major stockholder in McCalls and several other companies, recently bought into American Broadcasting-Paramount Theatres and acquired a 23% interest in Canada Dry. Simon may crack a few executive heads behind the scenes once he takes over a company, but his take-overs have not been marked by public rancor. Last week, however, he let fly at the former boss of one of his newest companies, exhorting the man in terms rarely heard in the business world.

When he took over last month as chairman of West Virginia's Wheeling Steel, said Simon, he found the nation's twelfth largest steel producer in sorry shape. Wheeling's profits have dropped by almost 50% since last year despite a slight rise in sales, and its stock has dropped from 41 to as low as 23. In fact, Simon frankly told a special meeting of stockholders in Manhattan, the company may lose up to \$8,000,000 next year, dividends will have to be suspended for several years, and much time and new financing may be required to put the company back in shape. And who was to blame for the mess?

Simon laid the blame squarely on William A. Steele, 64, the former chairman of Wheeling Steel, who resigned a few weeks before Simon took over.

THE NEW YORK TIMES



WHEELING STEEL'S SIMON
Look into the past.



ROMNES



GADSDEN



WILLIFORD

Put it into writing.

Steele, said Simon, was "not even a good vice president," and his salary of \$140,000 a year was "preposterous." Under Steele's direction, said Simon, Wheeling had been "too steel-industry-minded"—it won the praise of the industry for its selected price increases in 1963—and had "wanted to be a good friend and good fellow instead of concentrating on doing a good job."

Simon hinted at possible instances of mismanagement, ordered a three-man committee of review to look into the company's past dealings. The committee's first case: a \$70 million Wheeling contract for a Blaw-Knox hot strip mill at a time when, says Simon, Blaw-Knox had little experience in such work—but did have a member on the Wheeling board. Giving Blaw-Knox the order, said Simon, was like "buying an Edsel with a Ford on the board." What did William Steele think of Simon's blast? "Without justification," he said, taking off just enough time from his quail-shooting vacation in Florida to say it.

Three at the Top

Three executives of major U.S. corporations were picked last week for bigger roles of command. The men:

► H. I. (for Haakon Ingolf) Romnes, 57, was elected president of American Telephone & Telegraph Co. to succeed retiring Eugene McNeely. Romnes, the Wisconsin-born son of an immigrant Norwegian baker, made his mark at A.T. & T. as an electrical engineer, won six patents in circuit design at Bell Laboratories before moving on to the operating side. As president of Western Electric, A.T. & T.'s manufacturing arm, from 1959 until early this year, he shaved the lead time on orders and deliveries for such critical items as cable. Romnes is a gentle and friendly executive whose great strength is persuasion and persistence; his skill is convincing people that the impossible is possible—and then seeing that it gets done. Moving up from A.T. & T.'s vice chairmanship, he becomes the firm's chief operating executive under Chairman Frederick R. Kappel, who faces mandatory retirement at 65 in January 1967.

► Robert P. Williford, 64, who retired last August as the \$64,650-a-year vice chairman of Hilton Hotels Co. (1963 sales: \$226 million), was elected the

surprise successor to Conrad N. Hilton, 78, as president and chief executive officer. Hilton stepped aside (he remains chairman) only because the SEC and the New York Stock Exchange insisted on separate executives when the company recently spun off its more profitable overseas operations into a separate Hilton International Co. that accounted for \$60.3 million of Hilton's 1963 sales. Hilton will continue to head the international branch. Texas-born Bob Williford, a social friend and bridge crony of Hilton, started in 1932 as a \$30-a-month room clerk in the original Dallas Hilton Hotel after the Depression collapsed his bond business. Gradually, he became Hilton's closest associate in building the company into the world's largest hotel chain. While Hilton made deals, Williford shaped day-to-day operating procedures. An easygoing executive who campaigns constantly for greater hotel courtesy, he has headed such famous Hilton properties as Manhattan's Roosevelt and Plaza hotels, Chicago's Conrad Hilton and Palmer House. A big color photo of Conrad Hilton dominates his Chicago office.

► Henry White Gadsden, 53, will take over as president and chief executive officer of Merck & Co., the big (1963 sales: \$264 million) New Jersey pharmaceutical and chemical firm, when his boss, John T. Connor, leaves the post next month to become Lyndon Johnson's Secretary of Commerce (see THE NATION). New York City-born, Yale-educated ('33) Gadsden was a vice president of Sharp & Dohme when it merged with Merck in 1953. As Merck's executive vice president since 1955, with a salary of \$124,600 a year, the soft-spoken Gadsden has impressed colleagues with a talent for flawless recall. An administrative catalyst, he likes to have men around him who disagree with one another. Although he gets "many excellent ideas" from "casual chats" with employees on his worldwide visits to Merck plants, Gadsden likes to see things in writing. Says he: "People who can't put ideas into words don't really have a grip on them." Gadsden has a grip on 18,693 shares of Merck (1.058% of its common stock), plus retirement incentive and other options on 22,215 shares more.

BEN MARTIN

ARTHUR SIEGEL

WORLD BUSINESS

BRITAIN

The Halfhearted Economy

Britain is a tiny land, smaller than Sweden or Italy, but its problems are as vast as its pride. Once the source of the greatest colonial empire since the days of the Romans, it has only with reluctance adapted to an age in which empire has withered—and with it much of the commercial power of a nation that must live by trade or perish. This year has been unkind for Britain; the Labor Party's victory has only served to accentuate problems that the defeated Conservatives had struggled with for months. The pound has been put in peril, confidence in Britain's ability to

taken advantage of a 1957 agreement and arranged a postponement of \$138.1 million in repayments due the U.S. and \$34.3 million due Canada on British reconstruction loans. As if all that were not enough, the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade (GATT) denounced as "inconsistent" the 15% surtax Britain had placed on imports in an effort to right the out-of-joint balance of trade, and demanded that it be removed. Says Sir Leon Bagrit, the chairman of Elliott-Automation Ltd.: "The British economy is a little like Gulliver in Lilliput, when he could not move because of hundreds of cords holding him back."

Attitude of Insularity. What are the cords that hold back what was once one of the world's most powerful economies—and now is one of its most troubled? There are no great secrets about the failure of the British economy to meet its challenges: its root troubles lie in listless management, the wasteful use of labor, small-scale and inefficient production and indifferent salesmanship. At the heart of these manifestations is less of an inherent economic weakness than a national attitude of insularity, a stubborn refusal from top to bottom to believe that Britain's standard of living—and its standing in a prospering world—depends on how much it can sell to a world that is increasingly choosy about what it buys from whom.

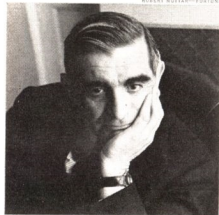
Britain's plight would not be so severe were it not for the nation's present eminence in the world's monetary structure. Such nations as France and Italy are better able to undergo economic crises than Britain, whose sterling is the world's second reserve currency after the dollar. Sterling is thus held temporarily by persons all over the world because of the ease with which it can be used in banking and trading—and many of them tend to unload it as quickly as possible when it seems to be threatened by economic difficulties. Since Britain buys so much more than it sells, three-quarters of its sterling reserves are in foreign hands, a fact that straps the British economy into a straitjacket. The only way out of the jacket is to increase greatly the amount of sterling Britain earns.

Britain needs to import vast quantities of food and raw material to live, but it seems increasingly unable to afford the price of these imports. Although British exports are still among the world's highest and have risen steadily in absolute terms, the nation's share of world exports has been steadily declining. A measure of Britain's plight is that the Beatles' 1963 overseas earnings of \$56 million was hailed as a major contribution to the balance of payments. Another measure is that in the past decade Britain has almost exact-

ly reversed positions with Germany: where Britain had 20.9% of world exports of manufactured goods in 1953 and Germany only 13.4%, Germany, by latest figures, has 20.2% v. Britain's 13.7%. In a land that reveres Dickens, Mr. Micawber's terse economics seems very apt: "Annual income twenty pounds, annual expenditure nineteen nineteen six, result happiness. Annual income twenty pounds, annual expenditure twenty pounds ought and six, result misery."

No Miracle. Britain's misery lies deep in its industrial and commercial bones. While other European nations have ex-

ROBERT NOTTAN—FORTUNE



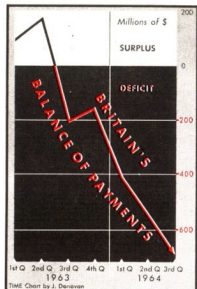
SIR LEON BAGRIT

Echoes of peril in an unkind year.

adjust to the demands of the day has shrunk, and over the island that Blake called a "green and pleasant land" has grown an economic cloud that confuses, frightens and frequently infuriates its stalwart inhabitants.

Like a Fire. Last week, only a few weeks after the pound underwent one of its greatest tests of the century, Britain's cloud seemed to darken perceptibly. Talk swept London's City—and the Continent—about the further lack of trust in Labor, about the possibility of the pound's devaluation, and about a deterioration in the balance of trade. Though not all—perhaps not much—of the gossip was solidly based on fact, it burned as persistently and as contagiously as a fire in a peat bog.

The hard news fed the fire. Britain's government revealed that the trade deficit widened by another \$288 million in November. The price of gold was pushed so high by the uncertainty—to the highest level since the Cuban missile crisis—that the Bank of England rushed to support both the securities market and the pound sterling. In a desperate effort to help alleviate its economic problems, Britain announced that it had



perienced a postwar "economic miracle." Britain's average growth rate over the past decade has been only an unexciting 2½%, among the lowest of Western industrial nations. Its industrial production has increased by only a third in the past decade, while such nations as Japan, France, Germany and Italy have more than doubled production. Improvements in productivity in most branches of British industry has been meager. Britain, in short, has been living considerably beyond her means.

Britain's industry, while boasting some of the world's most efficient companies (such as those in electrical equipment and chemicals) is generally antiquated; three out of every five of its machine-tool population of 1,484,496 are more than ten years old and more than one in five is over 20 years old. While Britain had 75 computers installed in 1957 v. 55 for the entire Common Market, six years later it had only 550 against the Market's 1,500. U.S. Management Consultant William W. Allen has pointed out that it takes three

Britons to produce a ton of steel v. one American worker, that shipbuilding in Britain uses about 40% more men than necessary, and that it takes three to six times as long to build a house in Britain as in the U.S. Asked Allen: "Is Britain a half-time country, getting half-pay for half-work under half-hearted management?"

Many Britons—as well as others—believe that it is. "In this country," says Sir Leon Bagrit, "there is some resistance to change, whereas in America, 'new' is equated with 'good.'" "What do we need in this country?" asks Joe Hyman, chairman of Viyella International. "In a word: change, the acceptance of change." But no one has better summed up what is wrong with Britain—and what it needs—than Viscount Watkinson, the boss of Schweppes Ltd. To survive, he told his countrymen, they must become "a nation of salesmen."

Bagnen & Touts. The difficulties of such a transition can be seen in the derisory names that British give their salesmen: bagnen, touts, counter jumpers. The no-sell approach may have been all right in the days when a manufacturer had only to stamp "Made in Britain" on his product and wait for the world to come running for it, but it does not work now. "It certainly won't do for the 1960s," said *The Director*, a management publication, "and it could be the end of us in the 1970s."

Britain's inability to hold its own in trade—while the most dramatic of its troubles—is only symptomatic of the deep-seated attitudes of the British businessman. Britain is operating today at 100% of industrial capacity, and at a low 1.47% unemployment rate. Under such circumstances, many British executives do not care to expand their operations to scramble for overseas markets, where competition is open and profits run to 5% v. 15% possible at home. Of the 6,000 firms in Britain that export, 200 account for one-half of all the nation's exports, and fully a third of the total is accounted for by only 70 companies. The remark of I. H. Levi-son, managing director of the British Shoe Corp., is typical of the British businessman's attitude: "Exports are not very profitable, and we can sell all we want on the home market." Or, as another British businessman put it, "I already have one Rolls. What could I do with a second?"

British firms, unlike foreign competitors, tend to keep their better salesmen on domestic rounds, frequently do not bother to send salesmen abroad at all, but rely hopefully on agents to sell for them. Salesmen who do go overseas often find themselves outnumbered: for every British salesman, one survey has shown, there are 2 Germans, 2.3 Americans and 2.8 Japanese. Salesmen are frequently hampered additionally because their firms neglect to learn the market. "Many British manufacturers," complains an Australian department-



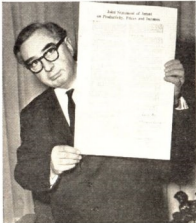
MR. MICAWBER

In a choosy world, a declining share.

store buyer, "do not even know that American garment sizes are generally used in Australia."

Bad Management. All this adds up to a major failure of British management. Cecil King, chairman of International Publishing Corp., has said: "The standard of management in business in this country is abysmally low. Too many old men cling on long past their ability to contribute anything. Too many jobs are given to school friends or relatives." The average age of 100 top British executives was recently given as 61—older than either bishops or members of the Cabinet. Many companies are still family-owned and fusty, and the existence of an "Old Boy" network of gentlemen amateurs discourages the formation of an industrial meritocracy. Many executives lack professional business training—and there are few places where they could train anyway: there are only about 600 management students in the entire country.

While the advance of technology has produced professional managers else-



BROWN WITH WAGE-PRICE AGREEMENT
Out of crisis, glittering prophecies.

where, many of Britain's 500,000 managers are arrogantly suspicious of the new breed of engineers and scientists, and slow to spend money on research. "Of all the countries I know," said Author C. P. Snow, now Parliamentary Secretary of the newly formed Ministry of Technology, "this country respects engineers least." Result: a brain drain that has robbed Britain in recent years of some of its best scientific talent. British managers also tend to look down their noses at the self-made man and the aggressive merchant. "A tremendous amount of work has to be done," in the opinion of Sir George Briggs, deputy chairman of Hawker Siddeley Industries, "to root out the prejudice that trade is non U."

Britain's organized labor has its own set of cobwebs. The archaic trade-union structure, a bewildering complex of 623 unions, is involved in continual controversy over jurisdiction. One firm may have to deal—as does Ford of Dagenham—with as many as 21 different unions within one plant. Still, the lack of notice, severance pay and worker re-training has made British labor among the least protected in all Western countries and often moved workers to resist whatever changes are attempted. This situation encourages overemployment—one of Britain's main labor problems—makes it more difficult and expensive for firms to export, and tends to make all workers progress at the speed of the slowest.

More Than Declarations. To cure such ills, economists believe, Britain must change the very milieu in which its economy operates, acquiring in the process a thirst for efficiency and modernization. The nation that sired the Industrial Revolution two centuries ago needs a new revolution. It can be nothing less than the sort of upheaval that Jean Monnet wrought in France, when in the mid-'50s he was able to shake his nation out of its sloppy practices. The Labor government has made only a beginning: it has offered tax rebates to companies that increase their trade abroad, given new hope and *esprit* to the scientific community. Last week Minister for Economic Affairs George Brown—whose ministry was created by the Labor government—signed with representatives of unions and management a historic declaration of intention meant to keep wages and prices stable.

The deeds and declarations all had a stirring ring, and there are prophecies that Britain is about to rebound. "The giant is now stirring," says Sir Leon Bagrit, "and at last a determined effort to modernize is about to begin." It had better begin soon. In the new world war of hard international trade, the panzers of the more progressive trading nations are often merciless. With too many gentlemen amateurs still in command, the British economy is still badly outgunned.

THE THEATER

Carnage at Coney

I Had a Ball is a misaddressed musical mailbag. Buddy Hackett, a droll fellow of manic and mournful mien, should be readdressed to oldtime burlesque, where his earthy urbanisms could blue the air like cigar smoke. The frenetically agitated dances should be restored to the speeded-up silent film. The nondescript music should be sent back to recompose itself. The book has never left its natural state—pulp.

The inanimate star of the evening is Sam, a crystal ball that tells the future incorrectly. Hackett, a Coney Island sharper turned pseudo-Freudian mind-sweeper, has great faith in Sam ("it comes from Bombay, the farfetched East"). Under Hackett's lunatic gaze, Sam's face turns red, as well it might, since in Act I the crystal ball mismatches two pairs of lovers: an arm-twisting loan shark (Steve Roland) with a taffy-sweet Ferris-wheel operator (Karen Morrow), and a glib but honest-hearted Coney barker (Richard Kiley) with a round-heeled gold digger (Luba Lisa). In Act II, Hackett second-guesses Sam; the baddies and the goodies mate up.

Since plot is nought, *Ball* relies on Buddy Hackett for a nightlong transfusion of comic relief. He can fire a salvo of laughter with the whites of his eyes, and step on a dud line so that it explodes, but he has to work so hard to be playful that it kills the fun. Apart from Hackett, only Luba Lisa comes out of this Coney Island carnage with talent and personality arrestingly intact. Moving like a sexy-hexy wind-up doll, with the voice of a Jewish Chatty



LUBA LISA IN "I HAD A BALL"
Chatty Cathy in Salome's body.



FOOTS & KAROLIS IN "THE TOILET"

Sickening punishment in the theater of cruelty.

Cathy and the body of Salome, she gives the impression of being cheerfully in debt to the whole male race as she waits for the next man to garnish her itty-bitsy, teeny-weeny, pom-pom green *intime* bikini.

A Bird Is a Bird Is a Bird

Alfie by Bill Naughton. A bird is a girl in cockney argot, and Alfie is strictly out for the birds. In this pre-emptive and consistently pleasant comedy, Alfie counts the workaday world well lost for lust. He is the modern, international antihero, the man who wants to be kind to everyone and responsible to no one.

As a cockney Casanova, Alfie leaves behind him a trail of broken hearts and gravid wombs. If worse comes to worst, Alfie is game to arrange an abortion, though not quite up to paying for it. In the lost lingo of yesteryear, Alfie is a bit of a cad, and it might follow from this that he is repellent. Quite the contrary. Terence Stamp plays him with enormously ingratiating charm, zest and skill. More important, Playwright Naughton has netted a real character, and reality exonerates itself in the theater, turning moralizing attitudes into carping ghosts at a feast.

Alfie woos and walks out on six birds. One bird is a nesting sort and makes Alfie a father. His idea of child support is to buy a teddy bear. Another is a Venus flytrap. Still another likes to slave for Alfie, and it touches him, but workers are neuters. "Look at it—scrub, scrub, scrub."

Like most moderns, Alfie suffers from overspecialization, and the comedy could use some of the variety and conflict that spice drama. Still, Alfie himself is irresistibly in the tradition of the picaresque novel, and his running asides are canny and constant delights: "If you make a married woman laugh, you're halfway there with her. Mind you, it don't work with a single bird. Get one of them laughin' and you don't get nothin' else." Bill Naughton was a truck driver before he began writing plays, but it is obvious that he kept a sharp eye on a lot of things besides the road.

Spasms of Fury

The Toilet and The Slave, by LeRoi Jones, are one-act spasms of fury. Naked hate, like naked love, is very hard to project or sustain on a stage, but Negro Playwright Jones can do it with venomous intensity.

The Toilet takes place in the lavatory of a boys' high school. There are seven urinals. A Negro boy begins the play by using one of them; near the play's end, a white boy's bloodied head lies in one of them. In between, Jones makes it abundantly clear that he would gladly consign every white man's bloodied head to that identical place.

The form of the play is an act of vengeance. The white boy, Karolis (Jaime Sanchez), has written what can only be construed as a homosexual love letter to a Negro boy named Foots (Hampton Clanton). Foots's eight Negro buddies brutally punch, kick and stomp on Karolis. Directed with nightmarish brilliance by Leo Garen, the play moves like a street-gang rumble. Even mock games with rolls of toilet paper seem to crackle with terroristic menace. The Negroes spew the vilest of obscenities at Karolis and each other. On any absolute scale, the dialogue is air pollution of the highest scatological and pornographic density ever recorded on a U.S. stage. Relative to the play, it is an act of verbal violence, matching and intensifying the drama's physical violence. Just before the play ends, Foots cradles Karolis in his arms on an otherwise empty stage and bathes his battered face, as if to imply that this is an interracial love that dares not speak its name.

The Slave is essentially a kind of Greenwich Village talkfest. War has broken out between Negroes and whites, and with the sound of machine-gun and artillery fire in the near distance, a Negro military leader (Al Freeman Jr.) revisits his former white wife, who is now married to a white history professor. Ostensibly, he has come to see his two daughters, possibly to kill them, but mostly to gloat and watch the whites cringe before his oft-waved pistol. At one point, the professor asks if

there will be more love or beauty or knowledge in the world after a Negro victory. "That was not ever the point," the Negro retorts. "The point is that you had your chance, darling; now these other folks have theirs."

Jones's plays belong to a relatively new dramatic genre that has been called the theater of cruelty. The theater of cruelty aims to punish an audience, flog it, and maybe even make it sick at its stomach. But which audience? Jones seems like a man who needs an enemy so badly that the nearest friend will do. His true target in these plays is the well-intentioned liberal intellectual with namby-pamby notions of cozy, overnight, instant brotherhood. *The Toilet's* depiction of Negroes as semi-cretinous urban cannibals is calculated to affront precisely those white racial ameliorators who passionately argue that Negroes are not like that at all.

Like Jean Genet, Jones, who is mar-

BY FRIEDMAN



PLAYWRIGHT JONES

Every white man's head in a urinal.

ried to a white woman, has the gift for projecting his fantasy life directly onto a stage. His chief fantasy is retaliation. In these plays, the Negro has the gun. He gives the orders, he slugs, he kills, he wins. Dramatically, the virtue of this is that action follows idea like a dagger thrust without the shadow of explanations, descriptions and rationalizations that fall on drama like a blight.

Jones is an excitingly gifted playwright, but as a Negro writer he is edging toward three pitfalls. The first danger is white tolerance, the avid desire of the white masochists to be openly reviled for the indignities and injustices they feel whites have visited upon the Negro. The playwright who falls into the trap of doing the reviling loses his intellectual honesty and ends up practicing prejudice in reverse. Secondly, a playwright cannot afford to fall into his own foaming rage. To translate experience into art, he must achieve the same detachment from his own wounds that a surgeon would show. Finally, he must be leary of topical sensationalism. A playwright whose moving finger writes only of the temper of his times will find that all his passion will not bring back to life a single word he wrote, once the temper of that time has cooled.

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Secret thoughts of a man of the year

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MILESTONES

Born. To Archduke Otto von Habsburg, 52, scholarly pretender to the Austrian throne until 1961, when he renounced his claim; and Princess Regina of Saxe-Meiningen, 39; their seventh child, second son; in Munich.

Married. Abbe Lane, 32, Xavier Cugat's red-hot mambo for 14 years, until she divorced him last spring; and Perry Leff, 38, Hollywood talent agent; both for the second time; in Manhattan.

Married. Charles Evans Hughes III, 49, Manhattan architect, grandson of the Chief Justice, and Kimberly Jean Wiss, 40, freelance sportswriter, record holder for the largest fish ever landed by a woman (a 1,525-lb. black marlin); both for the second time; in Manhattan.

Divorced. By Les Paul, 48, electric guitarist who turned such oldtimers as *How High the Moon* into car-popping pop hits; Mary Ford, 43, his sing-along partner; on grounds of cruelty; after 15 years of marriage, one child, now in Paul's custody; in Hackensack, N.J.

Died. William Bendix, 58, comic and character actor, whose fireplug face and concrete-mixer voice stole the show in more than 50 Hollywood productions (*The Hairy Ape*, *The Babe Ruth Story*) and on TV's *The Life of Riley*, a series about a dopey factory riveter that so tickled the viewers it ran for eight years, bringing Bendix some \$3,000,000 in salary—which, as he put it, "isn't bad for a guy who was on relief in 1934"; of pneumonia; in Los Angeles.

Died. Phil Davis, 58, cartoonist-creator of Mandrake the Magician, the silk-hatted, opera-cloaked hero who hypnotized villains into paroxysms of fear and turned their bullets to putty with a snap of his fingers in 253 newspapers for 30 years; of a heart attack; in Manhattan.

Died. Richard Joshua Reynolds, 58, playboy heir to a king-size slice of his father's tobacco empire (Camel, Winston, Salem), who scorned the family trade to become a taxi driver, deck hand, aviator, ship owner, horse breeder and sometime Democratic politician, managing meanwhile to run through \$10 million of his \$25 million inheritance settling three marriages; of chronic pulmonary emphysema; in Lucerne, Switzerland, 36 hours before his fourth wife gave birth to a daughter.

Died. Alberto Byington Jr., 60, Brazilian tycoon who pyramided his father's multimillion-dollar holdings by establishing Brazil's first movie, record and air-conditioning companies, added a network of 22 radio stations, 250 cold storage plants, and a major bauxite development—all on top of a vast coffee empire; of hepatitis; in Rio de Janeiro.

Died. William Montgomery McGovern, 67, political science professor at Northwestern University, who was the first Westerner to enter Tibet's forbidden city of Lhasa, befriended Chinese Revolutionary Sun Yat-sen and served as a top World War II intelligence adviser, experiences that made his "McGov" lectures the featured attraction on Northwestern's campus for 30 years; after a long illness; in Evanston, Ill.

Died. Carl Joachim Hambro, 79, longtime leader of Norway's Conservative Party (1926-34, 1945-54), and last president of the powerless League of Nations (1939-46), who in 1944 horrified the League by suggesting that small nations should not be accorded equal vote with great powers in international organizations; after a long illness; in Oslo.

Died. Vladimir Yourkevitch, 79, designer of France's famed *Normandie*, chief competitor of Britain's *Queens* for transatlantic honors in the 1930s, who in 1942 stood on a Manhattan pier as the ship burned and finally capsized, crying in vain to police holding him back that he alone had the knowledge to save the vessel; of cancer; in Yonkers, N.Y.

Died. Victor Hess, 81, Austrian-born physicist who, after taking radiation measurements during ten balloon ascensions over Europe in the early 1900s, descended to announce that radiation in the atmosphere resulted from "cosmic rays," not from radioactivity in the earth as had previously been supposed, a theory that was eventually accepted and won him the 1936 Nobel Prize; in Mount Vernon, N.Y.

Died. Lord Woolton, 81, Churchill's food minister from 1940 to 1943, known to his friends as "the greatest quartermaster since Moses" and to the rest of Britain as the man who introduced ration points and the meatless "Woolton Pie" (potatoes, vegetables, oatmeal and gravy), who became Tory Party chairman in 1946 and helped engineer the party's return to power by easing out oldtimers and rebuilding the treasury; of a heart attack; in Sussex, England.

Died. Alexander Meiklejohn, 92, pioneer of progressive education whose views were honored last year with the award of a Presidential Freedom Medal after early decades of rejection, notably in 1923, when he was forced to resign as Amherst College president for scoring standard disciplines in favor of social science and philosophy, and again in 1934, when his Experimental College at Wisconsin University (no grades or exams) was deemed infeasible and disbanded after seven years; of pneumonia; in Berkeley, Calif.

CINEMA

Study in Depth

World Without Sun. Like a giant mollusk, the two-man diving saucer glides toward its parking garage on the floor of the Red Sea. Near by lies a five-room underwater house looking like a huge plumbing joint made of chubby cylinders. Here seven pioneer oceanauts lived and worked 35 ft. below the surface for a month during the summer of 1963. Life in and around their pelagic tank town is the subject of this eerie, colorful documentary by Jacques-Yves Cousteau, a successor to his awesome epic, *The Silent World*.

Oddly enough, the film is most absorbing when Cousteau lets his camera or his commentary dwell on the extraordinary detail of his men's day-to-day existence. In the heavy air, laden with double the normal amount of oxygen, cuts and abrasions heal overnight. Beards almost stop growing. In the 86-ft. Deep Cabin, the male larynx, in reaction to helium, produces shrill chipmunk sounds. The men listen to music, keep house, play chess, pamper a parrot, and begin to feel strangely detached from events in the surface world. Jewel-bright sea creatures hover outside the glass windows, coolly observing behavior in the manfish bowl. When divers venture into the abyssal blue depths to explore, they come upon sharks, barracuda, and marine life hitherto unheard of—all recorded in skillful underwater photography that magnifies even minute plankton into glittering monstrosities.

"Alone in the sea at night, I am always afraid," one veteran diver confesses. The audience shares his fear and fascination, and occasionally even his lethargy becomes swimmingly real. It

is hypnotic and hilarious to watch a school of scallops, threatened by a starfish, go snapping across the ocean bottom like a herd of stampeding dentures. The film has its faults: it grows repetitious and tries to provide variety with music full of scubadoo cuteness. Thus, by the time the saucer plunges down for a climactic survey of the queer fish and mating crabs found at the 1,000-ft. level, most viewers will be more than ready to surface, having had all the submarine miracles a landlubber can tolerate at one sitting.

Bacchanalian Bash

Zorba the Greek. A wild wind whirles through an open door. A wild old man strides into a dingy waiting room. His face is like a side of cheese the maggots have been at, but his eyes are bright and piercing. "Hollow cheeks, strong jaw, jutting cheekbones, a large voracious mouth, a living heart, a great brute soul not yet severed from Mother Earth"—this is Zorba the Greek. He strides up to a young man he has never seen before and looks deep into his eyes. "I like you," he announces fiercely. "Take me with you."

"Why?" the young man answers with a gasp. He is a timid essayist who takes refuge from life in literature.

"Why?" the old man roars with exasperation. "Will no man ever do anything without a reason? For the hell of it, that's why!"

The hell, the horror, the wonder, the sheer animal delight of it have drawn thousands of readers to a novel called *Zorba the Greek*, a mad magnificent to man composed by the late Nikos Kazantzakis. This translation of the book into an English-language film might easily have changed the author's hearty wine of life into cinematic sugar water. Instead, Director Michael Cacoyannis (*Electra*) has served it up in a grand uproarious Bacchanalian bash.

For the hell of it, as the film begins, the young man (Alan Bates) turns suddenly to the old man (Anthony Quinn) and says yes. "I have a lignite mine in Crete. We can work it together. May God be with us." Zorba lifts his glass. "God," he hollers sturdily, "and the Devil!"

Speak of the Devil and he appears. First night in Crete, the old man turns into an old goat and goes snorting after a dilapidated soubrette of 60 (Lila Kedrova), who followed the British fleet to Crete in her flaming youth and made enough money to retire by entertaining admirals on the bridge. Next day the old man urges his young friend to hold similar converse with the vil-



KEDROVA & QUINN IN "ZORBA"
Ode to an old goat.

lage widow (Irene Papas). The young man is afraid to try. "It would only make trouble," he murmurs. "Trouble!" the old man hoots at him. "Life is trouble. Only dead is not."

The young man doesn't have to look far. The morning after his first night with the widow, she is grotesquely murdered by the vengeful villagers. Some days later, as Zorba's silly old slut lies dying, bestial peasants burst into her house and strip it while she lies weakly watching, strip it to the walls and leave her there alone with nothing but a bed to die on. And at the climax of the film the mine and all the money the young man has sunk in it go smash in one catastrophic afternoon.

The young man is struck numb with horror; but the old man, though his heart cracks and his eyes weep blood, rises up stronger than ever from every disaster to dance the delirious unremitting dance of life. "Zorba!" the young man cries, "teach me to dance!" The old man rises up, his eyes alight. "You lack madness, my friend," Zorba says softly. "A man must be a little mad to cut the rope—and be free!" A little mad, the young man begins to dance.

Kazantzakis is the Dostoevsky of the Mediterranean, and *Zorba the Greek* is his most popular work. Director Cacoyannis treats it with respect but not with awe. The big moments of the book are all in the film, but the fictional furlowings are trimmed, and some dazzling cinematic doodads added. The camera sees much that Kazantzakis didn't, and the movie is often funnier than the book—Kedrova's minx emeritus, she of the floor-length eyelashes, frequent chins and raucous reminiscences is, for instance, a major comic creation. Zorba, of course, is the heart and soul of the show, and Quinn plays him to hellangone. In his finest frames, at the dominant moments of the drama, he is the fire of life itself, a piece of the sun in the shape of a man.



OCEANAUTS' HOME IN "WORLD"
Town for the menfish.

BOOKS

The Visionary Musician

LANDOWSKA ON MUSIC by Wanda Landowska, edited and translated by Denise Restout and Robert Hawkins. 434 pages. Stein & Day. \$12.50.

Few who heard her could forget her. Wanda Landowska saw to that. A tiny black-clad priestess, palms pressed together in prayer, she would float in hushed silence to her altar, the harpsichord. A Romantic who played pre-Romantic music, she got shadings and majestic effects seemingly impossible on her instrument, and no one could equal her in bringing to independent life Bach's intertwined melodies. She took

PHILIPPE HALLOAN



LANDOWSKA
Surprise and suspense.

great liberties in interpretation, serenely confident of the backing of the dead composer. "You continue to play Bach your way," she told one musician, "I shall continue to play Bach his way. What I do is comparable to the improvisations of a good jazz band," she explained. "Did Bach, Couperin and Scarlatti play the harpsichord to preserve historical truth or because on this instrument they were able to express passion, joy or despair?"

Corsets & Cats. Landowska died five years ago, aged 80, leaving behind a legacy of great recordings and the articles, scoldings, commentaries and *pen-sées* that are now gathered together in this book.

She writes about composers and their works as familiarly as she would about people in her family, which of course they were. Scarlatti, she says, "is the only composer who reminds me of the playfulness of a cat, and he does not suffer from this comparison. We all have seen a kitten play with a twig. It is impossible to describe its grace, charm, vivacity and inventiveness." Couperin's

work, she observed, has "an immutable and restricted frame. He moves in it with ease, as did the actresses and dancers of the past, even though they were tightly laced in their corsets." As for Saint-Saëns, she noted that he was considered a master of form. "Yes, the form is there, bright, like latticework. But there is nothing in it!"

Alone with Her Rubato. Landowska was constantly musing over the role of the interpreter in music. "One must have visions. The richer the imagination of a musician, the more possibilities of sonority he hears." She insisted that "the idea of objectivity is Utopian. Can the music of any composer maintain its integrity after passing through the living complex—sanguine or phlegmatic—of this or that interpreter?" But at the same time an artist must not go out of bounds, warns Landowska, reminded of the time Gounod had to chide his wife at a funeral: "Be careful; do not cry louder than the widow!"

It was Landowska alone who decided how loud to cry. When a critic complained that he could not follow her in a certain rubato, she thought, "I am perfectly happy, alone with my rubato. Why should you follow me?" Nor did she welcome ghostly interference, however distinguished the ghost might be. She announced that "if Rameau himself would rise from his grave to demand of me some changes in my interpretation of his *Dauphine*, I would answer, 'You gave birth to it; it is beautiful. But now leave me alone with it. You have nothing more to say; go away!'"

In 1950 a former pupil reproached Landowska because she had noticeably changed her interpretations over a period of ten years. Why not? asked Landowska. "What would you say of a scientist or of a painter who, like stagnant water, would stop his experimentation and remain still?" She insisted on surprise and suspense in her performances. The "tragedy" of recordings, she remarked, is that they catch "only one moment, one aspect of an interpretation when there are a thousand and one others, always different."

Arabesques & Soliloquies. Landowska, like a little Polish mother, never stopped giving advice. "There is a certain common way of playing trills which reminds me of an electric doorbell," she warned. An ornament should "fill space with arabesques." How to begin to play a piece? "One has to concentrate and be entirely ready so that when the first note is struck, it comes as a sort of continuation of a soliloquy already begun. Similarly the last note is never the last. It is rather a point of departure for something to come." She was, in a way, describing her own lifework—the continuation of a centuries-old musical soliloquy, and, because of her eloquence, intelligence and devotion, a strong new point of departure.

The Prodigal Painter

JOHN JAMES AUDUBON by Alice Ford. 488 pages. University of Oklahoma. \$7.95.

The Frenchman who became the world's most celebrated delineator of birds was himself a bird of paradox. His name, until he anglicized it, was Jean Jacques Audubon. His adopted home was the U.S. And his natural habitat, proclaimed in assuming an additional name, was "Laforest." But a major part of his time was spent in courtrooms eluding creditors, in Europe's royal courts soliciting patronage, and in scientific academies quarreling with competitors.

Alternately driven and dreaming, irresponsible and ingratiating, mean-spirited

COURTESY GWYNNE STOUT



AUDUBON (BY HIS SON)
Wanderlust and salesmanship.

and maudlin, Audubon was inevitably misunderstood by contemporaries and, maintains Biographer Alice Ford, "errantly idealized" by her dozen-odd predecessors. As an antidote, Author Ford has presented, in rather stilted fashion, back-to-back facts that usefully clear away the web of fabrication that the Audubon family did their best to spin.

In-Port Wife. His granddaughters, romanticizing Audubon's own embellished accounts, implied that he might have been France's "lost Dauphin"—the son of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette, whom she tried to smuggle out of France just before she died on the guillotine. John Audubon was, in fact, the bastard son of a Breton-born chambermaid, and was sired not at Versailles but in Haiti in 1785. The father was Jean Audubon, a captain of French merchantmen and men-of-war. Though he commanded a corvette in Count de Grasse's fleet at the surrender of Yorktown in 1781, Jean Audubon was never, for all his son's boasting, of flag rank or a staff officer in the so-called "Battle of Valley Forge." He was also, despite

land speculations in the Caribbean and Pennsylvania, ever at sea financially. When a native insurrection threatened his Haitian holdings in 1790, he brought young John and another love-child (by a quadroon) back to his complaisant in-port wife in Nantes. She happily adopted both of them.

John flunked out of maritime training school, and was bundled off to Pennsylvania to try his hand at business. He proved even more inept than his father. His first investment was in a frontier store in Louisville. On a typical day in the firm's short, unhappy life, Audubon's horse strayed away with a saddlebag full of cash while the proprietor stalked an unfamiliar warbler into the canebrake. Subsequent business ventures in other states and territories also foundered, leaving Audubon briefly in debtor's prison.

Peddler in Coonskins. The failures convinced Audubon, at 35, that his real vocation was as a painter and naturalist. He started on the 435 drawings that were to become his masterpiece, *The Birds of America*. It was 18 years in the works, and in the meantime he supported himself as a sign painter, debutante's tutor and dancing master. To help feed the two children, his wife Lucy taught school.

When he had completed most of his field work, he sailed to Europe, beginning a frustrating decade of exhibiting his works, painting potboilers for pin money, and overseeing the London engravers who were producing his folio. Most important, of course, was the peddling of it, and at that, Audubon proved to be about the most charming salesman since Benjamin Franklin. His "simplicity" drew the praise of both Sir Walter Scott and Actress Fanny Kemble, though the guard at the Louvre barred the door when Audubon tried to enter in coonskin cap. Baron de Rothschild "hitched his trousers" at the idea of paying \$1,000 for the four volumes,^{*} but came around after cogitation. France's future King Louis Philippe signed up, saying, "This surpasses all I have seen." So did King George IV.

As every ornithologist knows, Audubon was a far better painter than a naturalist. Honors were showered upon him by learned societies in nearly every civilized nation. To his credit, Audubon was not content to rest on his laurels. At 58, he set off on a rigorous sketching foray to the Yellowstone River. By then toothless and unable to eat the buffalo his companions shot, he somehow fattened (by 24 lbs.) on the trip. But once back home in Manhattan, Audubon wasted into senility and then death. His two artist sons, who collaborated on his last work, *Quadrupeds of North America*, squandered their proceeds like the Audubons they were. At 70, Lucy Audubon had no choice but to go back to schoolteaching.

* The 100 surviving sets would now fetch \$50,000 apiece.



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RUSSIANS ATTACKING AT STALINGRAD
A frozen German was a sled.

The Eastern Front

RUSSIA AT WAR: 1941-1945 by Alexander Werth. 1,100 pages. Dutton. \$10.

Though it ended months before the Atomic Age began, the Russo-German portion of World War II was in almost every way a conflict on a thermonuclear scale. Upwards of 20 million Russian civilians and soldiers lost their lives. Over 3,000,000 German soldiers were killed, wounded, or missing. The U.S.S.R. lost over 60% of its coal production; total industrial output declined by one-half. Whole cities were heroes: the Battle of Stalingrad lasted seven months with as many as 40,000 people killed in one day, while the siege of Leningrad went on for 2½ years and killed nearly 1,000,000.

In the two decades since the war ended, there has not been in English a complete history, in both military and human terms, of Russia's remarkable role. Author Alexander Werth is uniquely qualified to make the attempt. He is an English journalist who was born and raised in St. Petersburg and is perfectly bilingual. He spent all but a few months of the war actually in Russia. As a sympathetic left-wing non-Communist, he was given unusual freedom of travel. He was one of the only two Western journalists allowed into Leningrad during the siege. He kept a day-by-day diary, filed innumerable dispatches to British and U.S. papers, and turned his Russian war experiences into several personal-history books in the '40s. Now he has put it all into one book, drawing also on the voluminous official histories and the published memoirs of commanding officers and common soldiers on both sides of the Eastern Front.

Stuffed with Shredded Paper. Many of the details are unfamiliar and fascinating. Strategically, for example, Werth rates the Battle of Kursk (north of Kharkov), in July 1943, as "Hitler's last chance to turn the tide," and thus as important as Stalingrad the previous year. Werth is at his best in eyewitness accounts of Leningrad or of his tour (in -40° C. weather) through the Stalingrad area just after the mop-up there. The

item about Russian children using the stiffly frozen body of a German soldier as a sled makes a one-sentence summary of the horror of war.

Yet, for all its excellences, Werth's book is as irritating as the kind of Christmas present that has dozens of valuable tiny pieces to be groped for in a large box stuffed with shredded paper and excelsior. The style swings from a somewhat wide-eyed journalistic to a plodding heroic prose. The best parts, it turns out, are lifted in great chunks from his earlier books of war reporting. He quotes endlessly from Pravda and Red Star editorials; he pads out his pages with Supreme Soviet speeches complete with the ritual enthusiasm of ("prolonged, stormy applause"); he is mercilessly repetitious.

Questions & Exonerations. Worse are the omissions and persistent seeming biases. In his account of Russian unpreparedness for war, Werth does not mention that the Soviets received a clear and correct warning of Hitler's timetable from their trusted agent in Japan, the German journalist Richard Sorge. He gives no more than a sentence to the three-to-four-week delay of the attack on Russia that was caused by Yugoslav and Greek resistance in the spring of 1941, although that delay may well have been the most important single factor in the German failure (by 15 miles and some bad weather) to capture Moscow before winter.

Too often, Werth converts his justifiably high regard for the heroic Russian people into excuse-making for tyrannies of the Soviet state, such as the confiscation of all private radio receivers or the summary street-corner execution of suspected civilian traitors. The most egregious example is his treatment of the controversy over the tragic Warsaw uprising in the summer of 1944. The consensus of Western historians holds that Stalin apparently held back the capture of that city until the anti-Communist Polish underground was destroyed by the Germans. After a saw-sawing summary of the argument, but without substantial new evidence, Werth chooses to agree for the most part with the official Soviet self-exoneration.

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